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This summary gives only a partial list of the rich field covered.

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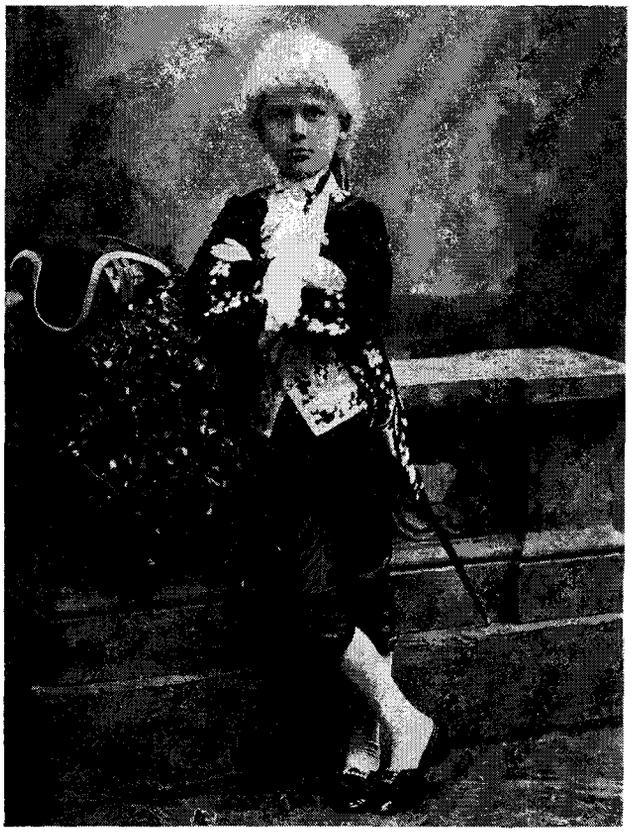
Noble Boys

When the Atmosphere of Children's Books Was "Thick with Nobility"

BY CLARENCE DAY

LIKE most children I was taught to admire high ideals in my boyhood. These teachings were well-meant of course, and I took them all in good part. I didn't really admire some of the ideals much, and I made no attempt to live up to them, but at least I regarded such things with a wary respect. Though they sounded to me like standards meant for much better boys than myself, I saw that I too would have to adopt them if I ever became really good, and consequently it interested me to hear about them and filled me with awe—much the same kind of awe I felt at ghost stories, only more far-off and solemn. Meantime they brought home to me the acute disadvantage of goodness, and kept me content with not having any very great moral ambitions.



FROM THE AUTHOR'S BOYHOOD: *Clarence Day, aged about nine, dressed as Lafayette for a costume party.*

These doses of high ideals came in various ways, each one unexpected. Sometimes they were administered to me in the form of little talks by my teachers. Sometimes they appeared in a book. On my seventh birthday, for instance, old Mrs. Caister gave me a book called "The Christmas Child," by Mrs. Molesworth. This child's name was Ted, and his history was given at great length from his babyhood to the day he was twelve. I read it all the way through, because a book was a book, but although this one had bright red covers and pictures it was kind of depressing.

It began with a lot of Ted's cunning baby talk. I had to skip some of that. I went on as fast as I could till Ted was seven, like me. But at this point I ran into a long account of his unselfish acts, and about how he joined in "the merry games" of the sons of his father's employees, all of whom respectfully addressed him as "Master Ted" in their play; and then about his going away to school and becoming "a first-rate croquet-player."

According to Mrs. Molesworth, Ted was always "a boy of nice feelings. Not rough and knock-about in his ways like many schoolboys," she added, in what I felt was a reproving tone, directed at me. He did have a fight with another boy named Rex in one chapter, but he felt it was "so horrid" to hit Rex that he ended by kissing him.

Ted worried about this kissing business afterward and went to his mother. "Was that unmanly, Mother?" he asked.

"His mother drew him toward her and looked lovingly into his anxious face. 'Unmanly, my boy? No, indeed,' she said. 'Kindness and goodness can never be unmanly.' And Ted went off to bed."

I was disturbed by this incident. It made goodness seem more foreign to me than ever. But it deeply moved Mrs. Molesworth. She admired Ted so much that she kept saying so, in little asides to her readers. "I think he had a sweet and brave spirit, don't you, children?" she said in this chapter; and she went on to describe how considerate and patient he was, and how "he was *never* guilty of any rudeness." It was plain that Ted had all the virtues.

Ted died at the end of the book, just before his twelfth birthday. Very good children often did die on the last page, I had noticed. They never had anything violent or awful the matter with them, they just took sick and expired very gently of some vague and unnamed disease.

"I would have liked to tell how Ted grew up into such a man as his boyhood promised," Mrs. Molesworth explained. "But, dears, I *cannot* tell you this, for it was not to be so."

I didn't like books with unhappy endings, but I didn't mind this one. It seemed sad, in a way, and yet suitable. I regarded it with much the same feelings that I later regarded Greek tragedies. The Olympian deities in their hate stacked the cards against Œdipus, and Jehovah and Mrs. Molesworth did the same thing to Ted, out of love. It was a comfort to feel that Heaven neither loved nor hated me yet, and I earnestly hoped that it never would. I felt pretty sure that I could get along all right by myself, if Heaven would ignore my existence and let me alone.

There were very few books of this pious sort on our nursery shelves. Piety was becoming old-fashioned. It was all right but it really didn't seem modern. People talked more about true nobility and noble deed in the eighties. The atmosphere that my generation grew up in was thick with nobility. Not the atmosphere of our homes or the streets of course, but that of our books.

When I was eight or nine I was given a

Next Week

THE FOUR FALLACIES OF REGIONALISM
By PAUL ROBERT BEATH

THE FOUR ARGUMENTS FOR REGIONALISM
By JOSEPH E. BAKER

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book called "Noble Boys." It was by the editor of Peter Parley's Annual, a gentleman named William Martin. Mr. Martin, looking around him in the eighties at the Victorian era, felt a distressing lack of something in the air. He was too up-to-date to go back to piety, but he had so much heart that even that era seemed sometimes to give him a chill. "It is too much the custom in this cool, matter-of-fact age," he said, "to ignore the sympathies and affections." He felt that most books for boys were not elevated enough, and his purpose in compiling his volume was to remedy this.

He started off well, I thought. The first noble boy whose history he brought forward for my emulation was Cyrus of Persia, the great warrior, son of Cambyses. Among the others were Alexander of Macedon, the Chevalier Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, the Iron Duke of Wellington, and Garibaldi. All Mr. Martin's selections, he said, were chosen as examples of "the spirit of bold and hazardous enterprise." He was very English about it, however. He detested some of the Scots. I sat down to read his book right after breakfast on Christmas, and by New Year's I had finished Garibaldi and reached the last of his bold heroes, the late respected Prince Consort.

> It is a bright summer's morning [Mr. Martin's story of Albert began] and the sunlight gilds the rich foliage of the stately trees which encircle the residence of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg . . . Since the castle clock has struck three there have been anxious watchers within the Schloss, and grooms with horses ready saddled stand in the court-yard. Voices speak in a whisper, but all is hopeful . . . The clock strikes six, and the firing of guns announces the birth of a Prince.

After thus recording Prince Albert's impressive arrival on earth, Mr. Martin went on to say that "ere he had reached his second year, his grandmother wrote to her daughter, the mother of our beloved Queen: 'Little Alberinchen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel.'" On and on through this noble youth's infancy I plowed step by step. Mr. Martin remarked that the Prince was in some ways very like Sir Philip Sidney. Sidney was a poet, and Prince Albert he said was fond of music.

Up to this point, although the Prince had done well in his studies, he hadn't performed any heroic deed like the other boys in this book. But now that came too. Early one morning in the young Prince's apartment at Coburg he was awakened by an unpleasant smell. There was smoke in the room. He got out of bed and discovered that one of his rooms was on fire. There was no plumbing of course, and he had nothing to put out the fire with except "two pitchers of water and a jug of camomile tea," but he and his brother and their valet threw these on the fire and then summoned help. The sentry rang the fire-bell, help arrived from all sides, and the smouldering flames were extinguished.

An Alger illustration (1870).

In order to make sure that his readers had not missed the point, or failed in some way to appreciate this as a companion piece to Wellington's Waterloo, Mr. Martin told the story all over again, ending by saying that it was thus that the Prince saved "the noble edifice from destruction, with but two pitchers of water from the washstands and a jug of camomile tea." I don't know just why but I felt that he did right to repeat it. On the next page the Prince married Victoria, and at the bottom of that page he died.

The effect of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Molesworth was to create in the back of my mind a Valhalla, peopled by lofty but shadowy figures, Wellington, Prince Albert and Sidney, Garibaldi and Ted. I never dreamed of taking a critical attitude toward these figures. The only thing was that no matter how much I read about them I felt empty inside. They were as resplendent and as striking as the waxworks in the Eden Musée, and I looked at their effigies one by one, with solemn respect, but they had been dead a long time. I never thought of Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe as dead.

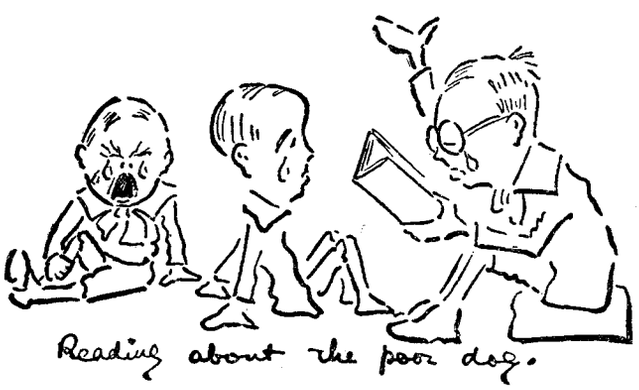
I had heard a good deal about a writer named Horatio Alger who wrote books for boys. One day a cousin of mine, Parmly Clapp, offered to lend me a few. They were easy to read and they came into my life at just the right moment. I had become convinced that splendor and holiness were out of my line. Alger opened my eyes to a brand new attraction—the ways in which boys could earn money.

I was fascinated by that idea. If I could only earn steady wages I could buy lots of new things. I already had all the food that I wanted—except chocolate caramels—and as to better clothes I was indifferent, but I needed more lead soldiers and some rare stamps and a printing-press badly.

> A long train was running at moderate speed over a Wisconsin railroad. Among the passengers was a stout, gentlemanly-looking boy, who looked much more than sixteen, although he had not yet reached that age. On the seat beside him was a large carpet bag.

That is the way that "Strive and Succeed" by Horatio Alger began. According to the preface this book was "reprinted from the pages of *Young Israel*, a New York juvenile magazine." It wasn't only the young Israelites who liked Alger however, it was young Yankees too. I suppose that a youth with a soul above business wouldn't have cared much for a story like "Cash Boy," with its honest and hard-working hero, but my soul wasn't that kind. I also read "Bound to Rise," "Slow and Sure," and "Paul the Peddler." The boys Alger introduced me to were level-headed youngsters, not dreamers, and they seemed to be right on my level, or not too much above it. They were manly, but in a sensible way; they were brave but they also were practical; and they didn't make me uncomfortable by devoting themselves to honor and glory. I didn't reread them as I did Gulliver, their interests were a little too narrow, but they were more my own kind than Alexander of Macedon. They were business-like heroes.

The foregoing article was one of the last essays to be written by Mr. Day before his death. It was ultimately to have formed part of a series on his youth.



A Clarence Day drawing of himself, as a boy, reading a sad poem to his brothers. From "After All" (Knopf).

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Delphic Apollo in Illinois

ACROSS SPOON RIVER. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

THERE is a strong temptation to describe Mr. Masters's autobiography as a life of Felix Fay written by Theodore Dreiser. The protagonist is Mr. Dell's immortal moon-calf in awkward revolt against himself and his environment, and he is also a character from a Dreiser novel—of the middle period, when such characters, swimming in a metaphysical solution half Herbert Spencer and half Elbert Hubbard, finally grounded on an *ewig-Weibliche* that turned out to be Mrs. Eddy. The comparison is clinched when you turn from content to manner. "To this day I reprove myself for not making love to her, for not taking her hand fondly, for not encircling her voluptuous waist." "There we made merry with talk, and with the improvisation of ballads serious and obscene." "Laughing amorousness that pranked and withheld its bestowal for the most æsthetic conditions carried me away." "So I was confronted with this contumelious falsehood." Surely that voice is Mr. Dreiser's!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS AT 25

Such a characterization, however, though true to the surface qualities of "Across Spoon River," would profoundly misrepresent it. It is, after all, the autobiography of a man who wrote one of the decisive books of our time, and it reveals a good deal about that book, especially about parts of it that have been ambiguous. Furthermore, at its worst no less than at its best, it is part of the very tissue of its times and place. Reading it, you encounter much inept prose and ineptitudes of intelligence and personality as well, but you get besides a first-hand experience of high Victorianism dying in the Middle West in the shadow of a pioneer culture already dead. When Mr. Masters wrote his life of Vachel Lindsay, an *ex parte* pleading, he had a great deal to say about native myths and symbols developing in the prairies. The value of his new book is that his own experience is immensely true to them, even when he does not suspect it.

In the last epitaph of "The Spoon River Anthology," Webster Ford, who is Mr. Masters, meets the Delphic Apollo. On the page before it there is a discharge of rhetoric straight out of the McGuffey readers, and a few pages later the "Epilogue" brings the great book to a close in a mixture of bathos and bad verse hardly equalled since Lydia Sigourney. Delphic Apollo in an Illinois river-bottom, frequent McGuffey rant, frequent McGuffey idealism, much verse not only dull but actively bad, one extraordinarily fine and influential book, and a fierce, heroic, blind, and undiscriminating dedication to all of them alike—that is Mr. Masters in his other books and in his autobiography. There is comedy, pathos, and even tragedy in this story of how one of many thousand prairie Miltons refused to be mute and by force of great will, handicapped by a hundred personal disqualifications, and at the price of shattered nerves and a lifelong feeling of defeat, lifted himself out of ingloriousness. The prairie symbols are all there: the boy transfixed by the ideal of poetry and ridiculed for his sissy dreams, the printer's case, the small town newspaper, the village literary and scientific societies, the secret fraternity of the dreamers, the high school teacher sublimating a lifetime's despair in the hope that some day one of her pupils will be a poet, years of practising law with the mind full of poetry, midnight reading in science and reform. And other symbols: the victorious G. A. R., the vestiges of the Copperhead philosophy, the apocryphal Lincolniana, the court house gang, the local option movement, Altgeld, the Knights of Labor, the gold Democrats, Bryan, the Philippines, government by injunction, Chicago's "Yellow Book" period, and the rise of poetry in an organ of the single tax.

All of them are completely true to the time and place. But observe Mr. Masters active in the midst of them—and trying to distil them in a poetry whose symbols were Persephone, Clytemnestra, the Grææ, Fèlise, Faustine, Helen of Troy, Tennyson's Maud, and Delphic Apollo. Mr. Masters remains true to his native culture, even, in that McGuffey betrayed him—that in a heart-wrenching five times seven years' servitude for Rachel, he tried to impose on the prairies an alien rhetoric and a mythology inconceivably inappropriate to them. And he goes on thinking that he was right, that all his other work is as good as "Spoon River," that much of it even is better. But it is only here and there in the mass of his poetry that one touches something poignant or even graceful. The rest is mediocre—the fire struck once but it did not strike again. Why? As a biographer he concluded that Vachel Lindsay failed, finally, because of his Campbellite visions. But the evangelical prophet Alexander Campbell is infinitely nearer to Spoon River than Delphic Apollo, and Lindsay also had Johnny Appleseed and Buffalo Bill and the log cabin and the stage coach and Huck Finn. It may be that Mr. Sandburg is nearer still, appealing not to the symbol but to the thing itself, to the cornhuskers, to the people, yes. At any rate, somewhere in that heroic and frustrate misconception, in Mr. Masters's communion with his brother the god who was a Greek god, is the reason why he wrote only one book that has any importance. That book may have been modeled on the Greek Anthology, though it does not resemble it much, but it burst through its model's mythology and through McGuffey and the high school teacher's dreams of Keats, and came out on an actual hillside, looking across a cemetery to Spoon River itself.

An Exciting Story of Civil War Fugitives

AROUSE AND BEWARE. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

MOST of the best tales are about journeys, and of these the most exciting are usually about flights. Give this book a safe if modest place in that illustrious list. It tells how two Yankee soldiers, escaping from Belle Island in March of 1864, made their way northward to the Union lines on the Rapidan in company with a woman who had as pressing reasons as their own for getting away from Richmond. Though its essence may have been wrung from a hundred halting narratives of actual escapes from Libby, Belle Island, Andersonville, mouldering now in forgotten reminiscences and regimental histories, this story is as fresh as if it had never been told before. And its realism needs no support from the appended bibliography. Indeed, one wonders whether the author's assurance that the day to day record of climatic conditions in Goochland, Orange, and Spottsylvania counties is guaranteed authentic by officials of the

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U. S. Weather Bureau may not be meant to spoof the obsession of most Civil War novelists with irrelevant accuracies. The details of his story have an authentic life superior to such proof.

Much of that life springs from the power of vivid description which was so impressive in "Long Remember." The desolation of the war-scarred Virginia through which the fugitives wander stands out with nightmare clarity: you see the rutted roads and neglected fields, smell the slave cabins, feel the cruel briars and the relentless suction of the Orange County mud. But the most terrifying scenes are those of Belle Island. The narrative begins after the escape, but the minds of the fugitives constantly recur to their prison so that they seem to be pursued less by bloodhounds and grey clad home guards than by the stinking horrors of their former hopelessness. And when, in a cabin in the wilderness, they stumble upon a Confederate soldier whose reason has collapsed from the equal horror of a Northern prison, those pursuing memories are heightened to a universal symbol. Their flight becomes the floundering struggle of frightened and awakened humans to escape from the trap of war.

But symbolism, if such there be, and vivid description are both subordinate to the simple plot interest of the hunt. Primarily this is a good adventure story. Every effort of the trio to hide, to get food, to save the flicker of life in their bodies for another dash, to break through the net of their enemies is immediately absorbing. That the characters and their relations are less than completely realized is not important. The interest of the moment is too great, the suspense always too acute to leave time to regret the lack of subtler psychological analysis. This is a deliberately romantic story but of an adult, civilized, literate romanticism to which no reader need be ashamed to surrender, mere entertainment perhaps, but first rate entertainment at the hands of an accomplished craftsman.

The Mother Speaks

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

To be clear glass,
To be clean water,
That is beautiful
My daughter.

To be rich earth
A fruitful tree
Praises the sun
In his majesty.

The dwarfish plant
The muddied lake
Have not the power
Even to take.

And a puny spirit
Asks small food—
Be a vigorous beggar
Hungry for good!

Honesty and Courage in a Novel of China

YANG AND YIN. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I HAVE been waiting for some years for some one to write an honest and frank appraisal of the American missionary in China. This has now been done by Alice Tisdale Hobart in her new novel "Yang and Yin."

I thought Mrs. Hobart's "Oil for the Lamps of China" was an unfair and unsympathetic study of American business in China. I sensed prejudices in that book which I resented and I wondered whether

DRAWING BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
From the jacket of "Yang and Yin."

Mrs. Hobart had not stooped for popularity.

Those tones have all disappeared in "Yang and Yin." Taking the American missionary through the long period immediately following the Boxer days down to about 1928, Mrs. Hobart deals with human beings of fine sensitivity, of great courage, of deep emotionalism, and of unusual capacity for selfless living. She exhibits rare art and skill. Her penetration into the ideas and motives of foreigners in China and the Chinese themselves is as deep as Nora Waln's in "The House of Exile" and seems to me infinitely more keen and truer than anything that Pearl Buck has written about similar persons.

Whereas when I read Pearl Buck, I feel that she draws composites and shapes them to her fancy, when I read "Yang and Yin," I could almost pick out individuals in China whom I know and whom I loved. And that is the curious thing about this book, that although Mrs. Hobart is very critical at times, although she minces no facts to please anyone, somehow the characters are lovable. They are lovable because they are human in the sense that even ugly ducklings may be lovable. And her hero rises to heights which are in many respects classic.

If this book receives the circulation that it deserves, it will do this for the world:

First, it will recreate the American missionary, the teacher and the doctor, for those who only think of him as an interloper, as one who forces himself upon a people. It will make it possible to understand what the missionary's great services to China have been and are.

Secondly, it tells the whole story of opium. Unless that story is understood, it is impossible to appraise politics, economics, and social development in China. Opium is the key to everything in China and like most of the fundamental things in this life, it is the least understood. Mrs. Hobart understands and makes it understandable.

Nine Parasols and Three Elephants

LAND OF THE WHITE PARASOL. By Sydney J. Legendre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS is a book the hearth-side explorers have been waiting for, a book of real adventure and wholly delightful writing, of wit and urbanity breezing through the jungles of Indo-China. Mr. Legendre, as leader of the American Museum of Natural History expedition, is that rarest of explorers, a modest one, yet his pursuit of a mouse in the wilds becomes high drama as he recounts it, and his very casual stalking of dangerous game leaves one breathless with the certainty of heroic stratagems left untold. Courage was but a tool of his trade, and therefore too vulgar to vaunt.

In the land of the white parasol and the million elephants (only nine parasols and three elephants are actually recorded) the author, his wife, and Daniel Carter amused themselves with discomfort. Their cavalry of stallions was always fighting among the tent ropes, the labels sweated off their canned provisions, the bloody hides of their collection were wrapped, maliciously or carelessly, in their only blankets, and the native officials were as senseless as the two pet monkeys Mrs. Legendre adored. It must surely have occurred to the author that a collection of pelts of petty officials would be a worthy contribution to the American Museum.

The book is vivid with adventure among little-known people, and amusing throughout in description of their customs. To all avid readers of travel books who are sated with the dull, the pompous, the spectacular, and the sophomoric in such yarns, it is cordially recommended.

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Potential Battlegrounds

AND FEAR CAME. By John T. Whitaker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GUNTHER

SCRATCH a newspaper man these days, and he takes to his thesaurus. Not long ago one thought of the majority of reporters in terms of the bawdy forthrightness of "The Front Page" or the romantic but undiscriminating enthusiasms of Mr. Floyd Gibbons. Since the publication of Jimmy Sheean's "Personal History" this has cardinally changed. I can remember the days when a hard-boiled foreign correspondent thought of books with disdain and contumely. Anyone who wrote a book was, to put it mildly, a sissy. But now everyone is writing them. The foreign correspondent packs a notebook in his kit these days, and thinks more of future royalties than contemporary datelines. We have had the reminiscences of Walter Duranty and Negley Farson and George Slocombe; those of Webb Miller and several others are impending; and now appears "And Fear Came," by John T. Whitaker of the foreign staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

This all represents a very healthy trend, I think. It means first, that intelligent and responsible newspaper men abroad find the accepted technique of foreign correspondence somewhat cramping, second that they are thinking for themselves. Nothing is so paralyzing to a good journalist as the split-second attitude to news that the mechanics of modern publishing demands. Rationally considered, it is utterly preposterous to ask a man to write and cable a fair and accurate interpretation of a great event a few minutes or seconds after it has happened—or a few minutes or seconds before. I have a pet theory that newspapers should be published a day late; Tuesday's paper on Wednesday, and so on; the news would be late, but it might be right. Mr. Sheean, Mr. Duranty, and now Mr. Whitaker feel the necessity to go back, to write in more detail of the things they have seen, to express themselves on what is after all the most important thing, their own relation to the events they participate in.

Mr. Whitaker's book is slighter than the other newspaper autobiographies and has obviously been written in a hurry, but it is a very able job. More than a recountal of adventures, it seeks to define the author's attitude to the major questions of his time, and is definitely a political work as well as an autobiography.

It happened that Mr. Whitaker worked for a long time in Geneva, and thus the League of Nations plays more of a role in his than in the other newspaper books. He came to Geneva an ardent pro-Leaguer, an internationalist, and an idealist, and he records his disillusion as the brigandage of Japan and Italy broke the League. Now he thinks that the League is simply a congregation of the Have-Got powers against the Have-Nots, and that the cowardice, opportunism, and selfishness of Great Britain and the United States helped to wreck it.

"And Fear Came" is an earnest book, written soberly; but it contains a fine, flashing lot of quick scenes and anecdotes. Mr. Whitaker listened to Marshal Graziani, raging for tractors (he does not, however, tell the story—which has been printed guardedly in English papers—of Graziani's "pacification" methods; the good marshal takes hostages out from

JOHN T. WHITAKER

villages and drops them on their native heaths from airplanes); he hears Mr. Stimson, the Republican Secretary of State, describe how Mr. Norman Davis, the Democrat, brought him to Geneva; he heard Mr. Hoover's private opinion of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, to which he traces many of Europe's ills; he tells an incomparable anecdote about Jay Allen, the Chicago *Tribune* correspondent at Geneva, and there are revealing flashes of Duranty, Knickerbocker, and the late great Frank Simonds at work during the League Assembly; he gives a horrifying picture of the June 30 massacre in Germany; he tells a pretty little story about Mussolini giving up women for the duration of the war. There are thumbnail sketches like this:

> . . . Paul Boncour, his white bobbed hair hanging below his ears, looking for all the world like Robespierre, and haranguing the henchmen with whom he walked along the sidewalk of the Quai du Mont Blanc in an obvious effort to ape Briand whom he resembled as little as a monkey resembles his organ-grinding master.

This is grand journalism, and there is plenty of it in the book. There are also some remarkably shrewd and profound political as well as personal judgments. Mr. Whitaker is not afraid to think for himself, and express himself with wit and pungence. Thus he says that the Entente Powers were not interested in disarmament, but only in disarmament conferences; that the league idea was not inherently unsound but that, like Christianity, it had never been practised; that democracy is too great a "luxury" for the expansionist states like Germany and Japan; that Britain—during the Italo-Ethiopian conflict—was ready "to fight to the last Jugoslav."

Mr. Whitaker is earnest. He says that his book is "penance for cynicism and disillusionment, those whores of journalism which debauch the truth." When he first encountered fascism, he thought that it was a revolt against reason. When he visited Hitler's Germany for the first time, he wrote "In dealing with Nazi Germany, you are not dealing with a normal, civilized nation." Then, a passionate democrat, he tried to find out what it is that makes nations go fascist.

I find it a bit difficult to agree with him when he seeks, in his last chapter, to answer this vital and compelling question. He sees fascism as a search for expansion, spiritually and materialistically. True enough spiritually, but must the democratic nations pay in blood the price for delayed adolescence by the activist states? Is it our fault and must we bear the penalty for the fact that Germany and Italy were so harried by their internal wars that they fell two or three hundred years behind England and France in the march of civilization? As to economic affairs, is not a good deal of the fascist "necessity to expand" dubious eyewash? After all, the Italians had Eritrea for forty years, and only settled about four thousand Italians there. After all—a fascinating and little known detail—the total population of German colonists in all German colonies in 1914 was about 24,000—less than the German population of the city of Paris! Also, I believe that Mr. Whitaker seriously underestimates the durability and instinct of self-preservation of the British. He says in effect that Britain is doomed as an imperial power as a result of the sanctions fiasco. I do not think that he would say this with so much certainty if he had lived in London as long as he lived in Geneva and Rome.

Over Mr. Whitaker's pages lie the impending shadow of war. His book is really the story of the fascist war in Ethiopia and the possibility of war by Germany and Japan. No one who has read the other newspaper books should miss this sober and stimulating record of ten years on the potential battlegrounds.

John Gunther is the author of "Inside Europe," one of the best and most popular books on contemporary Europe by a newspaper correspondent (see page 12).

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . . Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART . . . . . Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS . . . . Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

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Realism for Children

BY whatever names we may distinguish them, fiction offers us two principal satisfactions: the "romantic" one of identification and the "realistic" one of recognition. Children enjoy the first as soon as they enjoy stories at all; they can identify themselves with Jack the Giant Killer as soon as they can understand that something is happening to him. Much later they begin to like stories in which they not only project their fantasies of themselves but also recognize such experience of other people as is familiar to them. Writers of children's books commonly do not allow for that stage early enough. It is easy to find books for eight year olds devoted to the day-by-day affairs of home, school, and playground. It is not easy to find such fiction for six year olds. Parents know that when they do find it they will have a delighted child. He will not in the least abate his pleasure in, say, the "Just-So Stories" or the "Rootabaga Stories," which satisfy the hunger that will some day feed on "Henry Esmond" and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," but he will experience a new, special pleasure that he will cultivate later on with "Tom Jones" and "Huckleberry Finn." This is the universal delight of realism, of recognizing and understanding the behavior of people as we know them to be. The immortal anguish of the Elephant's Child still makes him wriggle with ecstasy, but he finds a new and quite as sharp an ecstasy when some unpretentious story shows him the woman next door raking leaves and her children throwing them on the fire and running gloriously through the smoke.

Let him recognize the Jones's bulldog, the Smiths' ailing Ford, or the spleen of Mrs. Brown who confiscates all balls that bounce over her fence—and he has verified one of the deepest principles of literature. The curve of the whole and the proportion of the parts mean nothing to him—which may show that "plot" and similar matters are mere accessories of realism—but accuracy of behavior as he has observed it is of first importance. He wants the world he knows correctly reported, and he wants people to act in fiction as he sees them act in life. When he can say "That's like Aunt Betty" or "Freddie fell in the pond too," he has accorded the novelist the highest praise within his power.

There is less writing of this kind for children than there should be. An unpretentious but altogether successful specimen this season is Eleanor Frances Lattimore's "The Clever Cat" (Harcourt Brace), which has delighted a certain six year old. Ulysses, the once-wandering cat of the title, is the hero, but the touches that evoke exclamations of pleasure are not the misadventures of Ulysses but the trap-door to the attic, the catnip, and the trip to the Five and Ten. The high moment of the book is a scene in which Father turns the hose on a half-dozen children in sun suits and they shriek and dance in that wonderful spray, as all children have done. The scene is a triumph of realism and its auditor, finding the world familiar and explicable, is entranced. This is a genuine art, and children's books could stand a lot more of it. The essential is an honest portrayal of the world as children have experienced it, a portrayal without patronage or condescension, with any explanation firmly shoved into the background, and with no propaganda for good behavior at all. That makes a good formula for any realistic novelist, and it is one that children's novelists too much neglect.

Political Coda

Power of the Printed Word. The fourth estate, which is so called because of the power it has in society, especially the political power, opposed Mr. Roosevelt more unanimously and more vigorously than it has ever opposed any other candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt was elected more conclusively than any other candidate since James Monroe. The power of the press was shown most clearly in Chicago, where all the newspapers but one (a tabloid) opposed Mr. Roosevelt, and where the attack on him was most violent and most vituperative. By comparison with the other papers, Mr. Knox's *Daily News*, whose literary manner is not best described as understatement, seemed soft-spoken, temporizing, and evasive. The campaign of the *Herald-Examiner* and the *American* was conducted in Mr. Hearst's favorite medium, fantasy, and achieved effects of a splendor new even for Mr. Hearst. The World's Greatest Newspaper, which is also in Chicago and which customarily makes the Hearst papers look like the *Christian Herald*, seems also to have opposed Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt carried Chicago by seven hundred thousand votes.

Style. Skillful rewrite men working on the speeches of all candidates kept the literary level of this campaign consistently high—higher than one remembers it ever to have been before. But they must have gone off duty when the polls closed. Mr. Landon's telegram to Mr. Roosevelt sprawls at the end into canned cliché, "You have my sincere congratulations," which makes one wonder how the "love" which the company will transmit free got lost. Mr. Roosevelt's answer reads like Message For Successful Candidates No. 4 and must have caused Charles Townsend Copeland much distress: "I am grateful for your generous telegram. . . I send you every good wish." Mr. Hamilton Fish at least called upon the resources or rhetoric and, wiring "From one communist to another, congratulations," managed to bring a faint flavor of style to a series that badly needed it.

Climax. What one disorderly intelligence will remember longest is probably going to be Mr. Hamilton, at eleven-thirty on election night, while buffeted by the strongest gale since 1820, assuring the nation that when it woke up on Wednesday it would find Mr. Landon in by a big majority.

Tip to the Profession. At that, boys, if you'll look up Monroe's second administration, you will find some swell columns ready made.

Science vs. Art. The unpredicted hero is Mr. Farley. On the night before election this ogre, who had been presented to us as a youse-guys ward boss speaking round the end of a cigar clamped in the corner of his mouth and unable to match his verbs with his nouns, made the best speech of the campaign. Its tone may have been set by the President and its grace may be ascribable to the rewrite men, but its intellectual distinction could have come from nobody but Mr. Farley. . . . Throughout the campaign Mr. Farley also stood firmly on the side of literature against criticism. There is no hope that the farcical failure of the various polls and straw-votes will long deliver our patient people from the outrage of the questionnaire, but for a precious moment or two they have been discountenanced. The polls approached their problem with the methodology, terminology, and technical appliances of a gaudy pseudo-science, and were received with the awe and reverence that pseudo-science always inspires. Mr. Farley, who had no science but had political skill, said that Mr. Roosevelt was going to carry every state but Maine and Vermont. Mr. Roosevelt carried every state but Maine and Vermont. Skill is the word used to describe the non-logical, unanalyzable organization of the mind that develops as an increment from experience. Mr. Farley's triumph was the familiar one of the artist who knows what he is doing over the critic who is trying to explain it.

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Letters to the Editor: *Metaphysics and College Students*

The Higher Learning

SIR:—Mr. Canby's review of President Hutchins's book suffers from the express fault of the latter. It is "too short." I read eagerly, snuffing up the trail in close pursuit of the quarry: and just as I sighted it, I was forced to quit the chase.

Haven't Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Canby both made the palpable error of seizing upon the curriculum as the hub of the university? To at least one metaphysicist it would appear that the faults and excellences of the American institution of higher learning must be traced to the student body! If this be a just view, is it impertinent to remark that speculative philosophy is in the nature of a gift (or a disease) which cannot be transferred from teacher to pupil? This question leads to an even more reactionary one. Can teachers actually transfer anything to learners beyond the range of mere fact?

It seems to me that metaphysics and reflective philosophy are ultimately subjective, and therefore incommunicable by any form of pedagogy. It is neither possible nor desirable that all university students become subjectivists. If we have a dearth of metaphysicists it is not because of a faulty curriculum but because of a scarcity of reflective intellects.

I know from my teaching experience that "arithmetical" minds are wholly incapable of "algebraical" calculations.

HAROLD GUTHRIE.

New Providence, Iowa.

Big Words

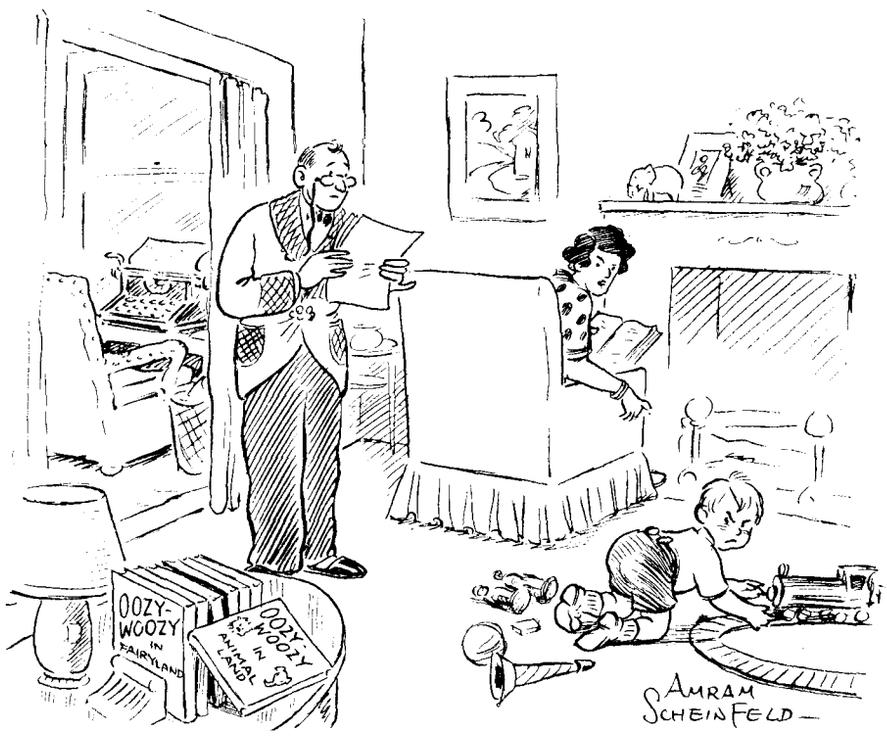
SIR:—The reader of Sir A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories rarely finds a word that a ten-year-old child cannot understand. Moreover, the words used are so woven into sentences that their meaning is always clear. The reader catches the idea without being conscious of the method of expression. The same is true of other standard and universally popular writings.

Not so with some of our modern essayists. In *The Saturday Review* (Oct. 27) there is a review of a recent publication, "The Bible—As Living Literature." This Book is worthy of all praise. Yet the reviewer, under the caption, "A Lien on Immortality," tells us in all seriousness that the "aperçu" does not register in a "schizophrenic" age; that the editor (Bates) has "elucidated a huge heterogeneous work" dealing with "cosmogony," "eschatology," etc., and made of it an "encyclopedic salmagundi" where the "eroticism of the Song of Solomon," and other writings have been "literally" (meaning figuratively) "manhandled" by "allegorical, anagogical" critics. All of which, the writer concludes, is not to be explained by the use of "litmus paper."

In contrast to this "fine writing" catch the satirical humor in a phrase used by H. L. Mencken in a "Tap-Day in America" (Oct. 24) in which he speaks of "the olympian omphalopsychites of Rotary International." I at once perceived that the expression had been used with a view to leaving the average Rotarian, of which I am one, in doubt as to whether he had been complimented or ridiculed. I turned to Webster and looked up "omphalopsychite," and was referred to "Hesychast," defined as a sect who gazed at the navel. I then consulted the Century Dictionary, but obtained no additional light. Then I went to the Encyclopedia Britannica, and after reading a column on the "Hesychasts," was still in doubt as to whether I had been flattered or insulted. Yet all the time I knew that I was doing exactly what Mencken intended to make me do.

BENJAMIN K. HAYS.

Oxford, N. C.



"JUNIOR! PAPA WANTS YOUR REACTION."

"Heads and Tales"

SIR:—In the issue of September 26 there appears, sandwiched in between "A Genius in the Family" and "Cuban Tapestry," one of the most inadequate reviews imaginable of a really great book. I refer to "Heads and Tales" by Malvina Hoffman.

I believe that this record of glorious achievement is distinctly outstanding. It is not only intensely interesting to the art lover, be he professional or layman, but also to the lover of literature, for the author has translated her experiences through more than one medium.

She has penetrated the veils of custom and manners and found the common denominator for all men. She has followed the precept of her father:—"One must *be* an artist first of all and then one can create art."

It is a pity that a paper of the calibre of the *Saturday Review* should have given this book to a reviewer who apparently does not or cannot appreciate it. A reviewer should have an objective point of view—and not mistake personal prejudice for measured opinion. Mestrovic, in speaking of the greatest lack in the make-up of many art students, says: "C'est la qualité d'âme qui manque, Malvina." Perhaps that is the case here.

ALICE DIXON BOND.

Newtonville, Mass.

Logging Camp Stories

SIR:—I am working on a compilation of the tall stories of the fearsome creatures of the big woods which have been so often recounted to green men in the logging camps. I shall greatly appreciate any authentic data on such animals as the Sidehill Badger, the High-behind, the Cross-feathered Snee, and other animals of this description.

H. H. TRYON.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Idealogue

SIR:—From "Fanny's First Play," by G. B. S.—Induction:

"*The Count.* . . . But I am by no means an idealogue. I am not content with beautiful dreams: I want beautiful realities.

"*Savoyard.* Hear, hear! I'm all with you there—when you can get them.

"*The Count.* Why not get them? The difficulty is not that there are no beautiful realities, Mr. Savoyard: the difficulty is that so few of us know them when we see them."

Shortly after reading you and Mr. Carpenter, I opened Shaw at random and saw the above.

GEO. L. BRADLEE.

Meriden, Conn.

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What Makes Us Laugh?

THE ENJOYMENT OF LAUGHTER. By Max Eastman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

IN Sir Frederick Soddy's wonderful and neglected book there are two photographs of the same chunk of uranium, one taken in the light of day and one in the radiance of the element's own mysterious emanation. You get at a glance the average commonplace view and at the same time a swift glimpse of what uranium may be said to think about itself. A similar pattern appears in both photographs, but there are profound differences in emphasis.

MAX EASTMAN

The analogy is an old one but has its uses — Mr. Eastman has in a way attempted a similar elucidation of a subject at least as complex as Sir Frederick's. He gives us his own theory and others and he lets his elements speak for themselves. But in spite of his wit, which is penetrating, his learning, which is adequate, and his judgment, which is good, I don't think he has got as far with humor and its emanations as Sir Frederick has with radioactivity. And this is not because of any particular failure on Mr. Eastman's part, that I, for one, can lay my hand on. The subject matter itself, as we never tire of telling each other, has a way of staying outside of our psychological geometrics, Euclidian or otherwise. Poor mortality is as intellectually helpless before it as before space and time, to which men have also given names.

His theory, if I understand it, is roughly this. "The first law of humor," he says, "is that things can only be funny when we are in fun." When we are in fun, "a shift of values takes place," so that unpleasant things tend to become not unpleasant. And he thus paves the way to the enjoyment of frustrations provided they do not frustrate in too big a way.

Is it unfair to observe at this point that it sounds a good deal like saying that humor is humorous? I have long suspected that the statement contained in that last clause of that question covered the subject. Mr. Eastman quotes with approval some remarks of Miss Loos's heroine and so do I: "Paris is devine. I mean Dorothy and I got to Paris yesterday, and it really is devine. Because the French are devine." It is however proper to remark that Mr. Eastman has been at pains to define what he means by "being in fun," and it is possible that by doing so he may have removed the ineffectual poison from the not too biting edge of my dagger of lath. By "being in fun," he means a sort of practice attitude towards a circumstance, like the action of a puppy pretending rage (his own simile). This practice attitude, in which he discovers the *fons et origo* of play, has a survival-value because the creature learns how to behave on a future occasion when he will do well to be angry. Let us hope that the hypothetic puppy never gets his adaptations mixed.

Though there is a descriptive ingenuity in all this, nevertheless, whether for good reasons or bad, the present reviewer has his fingers crossed with respect to Mr. Eastman's theory of humor — and to all others. He is, however, fully aware that his little harmless attempt at demolition is not so vivid or exciting as Mr. Eastman's own swashbucklings among his rivals. His dealings with them may be openly admired. Freud lies among the fallen. And the bloody head of Ludovici has been carried in imaginary triumph on a metaphorical spear after a total defeat of the derision theory. Woe to the believers in scorn and to them who grin like a dog. Aristotle and Kant, it is true, have survived the battle. They always do. But I regret to report that "the conflict like many another has changed nothing, not even an opinion."

The book's existence is justified by the fact that Mr. Eastman wanted to write it and had so much fun in the process. Even Mr. George Jean Nathan knows that gusto is not unimportant. And the whiff and wind of Mr. Eastman's energy has swept into all sorts of places, many of them engaging. His casual aperçus are often enlightening. And we owe him a definite debt for a sort of appendix where he harvests the chaff of humorists who have discoursed on humor. That Lincoln in the agony of a great public disaster and Byron in the enigmatic throes of private grief should have expressed exactly the same opinion with respect to laughter is the quintessence of what Mr. Eastman is talking about. That James Thurber should have come so close to a satisfactory definition is diverting, however much, given his intelligence, it was to be expected. The semi-pro philosopher of the *New Yorker* seems to me in some danger of being snapped up by the big leagues. This is what he says: "Humor is a kind of emotional chaos told about calmly and quietly in retrospect." The phrasing is careless, but "emotion recollected in tranquillity" meant poetry to Wordsworth. Would "emotional chaos recollected in tranquillity"—or anything else—have meant humor to him?

It is something to have produced an entertaining book on a subject which, as Mr. Eastman says, dies when you talk about it. No matter how well we define or explain, we never know enough about humor, though we may mention the fact that one of its chief functions seems to be to exhibit the inadequacy of the human intelligence. Until we are more effectively equipped we shall probably never understand it any better than we do now, which is to say not at all. And books on the subject will continue to be in their beginnings like radioactive minerals, which in time must degenerate into the rayless lead of theories of humor.

That Next War

PREFACE TO CHAOS. By C. Hartley Grattan. New York: Dodge Publishing Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. GRATTAN is far to the Left, as politics goes in America, and yet he manages to separate his tastes and his hopes from the inexorable decrees of dialectical materialism. He makes distinction between his opinions and observed facts. He keeps his mind as open as a mind can be, without becoming a mere rag-bag.

In his introduction—which should not be skipped—Mr. Grattan "reveals his bias" in a series of thirty-one propositions about contemporary society, almost any of which is a temptation to debate. Throughout the book, he is likely to run off on a good side-trail, as when, on the first page, he remarks that "history shows that the peak of pacifist activity arrives in the last few years before the outbreak of war"—a statement true enough of 1789 and 1912.

Certain sections are admirable essays in themselves, notably that on American neutrality. This is a subject on which the gentlemen of the Right are quite as liable to go astray as those on the Left—witness Mr. S. F. Bemis's naive belief expressed in his recent "Diplomatic History of the United States," that the United States can and should maintain itself in a holy isolation for two or three hun-

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dred years, until the rest of the world catches up with us in political morality and Woodrow Wilson's dream comes true. To Mr. Grattan the mere word "neutrality" has none of the magic our more innocent public men find in it. He thinks that our experience of two World Wars has given ample grounds for the belief that the United States as now constituted cannot long remain neutral in any major war. To expect a great trading nation under capitalism to respect absolute embargoes on foreign trade is like expecting a drunkard to respect the pledge.

Mr. Grattan's book has, however, a major thesis, sustained even in his digressions: that Euro-American society is being driven, chiefly by its economic structure, into another World War (which he wisely refuses to date); that though such a war will no doubt prove destructive, there is no reason to suppose that it will mean an end to civilization; that the close of this World War will witness revolutions in victorious and defeated nations alike, from which there will emerge something like the following order: U.S.S.R., communism; United States, "democratic" fascism; Great Britain, left "democratic" socialism; France, communism; Italy, a shaky military dictatorship; Germany, communism; Japan, communism.

This sort of thing, if done with an assumption of omniscience, can be very irritating. Mr. Grattan, however, is quite willing to put his prophecy forward in the spirit of an election bet. It is a bet that cannot be settled here, and no one knows enough about social prognosis to hold Mr. Grattan up very sharply. Most of his volume, moreover, is devoted to social diagnosis, based on an undogmatic and tentative Marxism—by no means the worst instrument now available for such a purpose. Even the most temperate Marxians tend to assume that John Jones will do certain common things—loving, hating, lusting, playing, praying and the like—quite differently under "capitalism" and under "communism." In the classless society they will not do some of these things at all—no hating, no lusting, and no praying. Mr. Grattan is not for such simplicities, but he does assume that "capitalistic organization" and "economic imperialism" somehow make actual war more likely than do human greed or stupidity. He gives ample evidence that he is aware of the complexities of modern international relations, that these relations can be expressed—and only very crudely—as composed of numerous mutually dependent variables. But he constantly weighs one set of variables—the "economic" ones—out of all proportion to the others, until he seems at times dangerously near to asserting that business men will be solely responsible for the next war. He knows better than that. We'll all be responsible for it.

Crane Brinton's "The Lives of Talleyrand" was reviewed here last week.

Man, Marshal, Myth

WOODEN TITAN—HINDENBURG IN TWENTY YEARS OF GERMAN HISTORY: 1914-1934. *By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. New York: William Morrow & Company.* 1936. $5.

Reviewed by BORIS ERICH NELSON

IT was Walter Rathenau who said "A man must be strong enough to forge from the peculiarity of his imperfectness the perfection of his peculiarity." No Hindenburg biography to date has been consummate enough fully to recognize and present the peculiarity of the hollow wooden image that was Hindenburg, that victim of legend and veneration with a "tendency to merge into the background," making it "essential to understand fully what that background was" in order to understand him.

Unlike Emil Ludwig's condemnations, unlike Ybarra's, Schultze-Pfaelzer's, and Wetterstetten-Watson's laudations, unlike Goldsmith-Voigt's ironic debunking, this volume is a brilliantly written, penetrating interpretation of twenty years of an obscure Prussian officer's public life. More than that, it is the German balance-sheet of two decades of a bemuddled, often naive-sincere Goethean striving to emerge from darkness into light.

Just who was this man who seemed the very personification of that psychic differentiation which the nationalistic German proudly calls Kultur? Man, marshal, myth, symbol, and façade, he spanned the history of a great people through a kingdom, empire, republic, and dictatorship. Hindenburg was a figurehead and symbol of an age and political experiment. In 1914 he was sent to East Prussia as symbol and foil, as solid rock upon which the edifice of higher command and service was built. In 1925 he again became a symbol and foil, by accepting the presidency of the German republic, in which he did not believe. He refused to be its puppet, yet he never became its leader. Again he was the rock, the unshakable pillar which held the structure of the Bismarckian Reich and with it a nation's unqualified respect, adoration, and confidence. But apart from this very important function, he had little or no part in the actual struggle at both times.

"*Ordnung muss sein!*" It blazed and often blinded this lonely figure who in his pedantic patriotism lived to serve. *Der Alte Herr* was a nobleman with an involuntary sense of race and blood; free from vanity and false ambitions, with no love for pomp, ceremony or reward; sworn to his motto *ora et labora*. Pray—work—serve! Once he had chosen the path of duty—and not always did he consider sufficiently where his duty lay,—he would "pursue that policy with obstinate stolidity and little discrimination" (Emil Ludwig called it "mulish obstinacy").

HINDENBURG ON AN ELK HUNT, 1915. *From Ludwig's "Hindenburg" (Winston).*

What were the forces, who were the men who tampered with this "giant among men, but a dumb giant"? Here is a portrait second to none of a great figure pathetic in his smallness, of a great people pitiful and tragic in their tactless way of existence. In this panorama of events and men, the author pays due and dignified tribute to the many true, but now discarded German titans. Stresemann, Bruening, Papen, Schleicher, Goering, Roehm, Hitler, and numerous others receive the searching light of new and sensational disclosures. In curt, breath-taking language he follows the shifting influences about Hindenburg, rushes through the lives of human marionettes, painting with a bold brush, intriguing, succinct, and displaying his hero against the background of events, "often dwarfed by them, always playing the part of a façade," never a creator.

> . . . Too late did he awake to realization of the true state of things which he had created, to find himself playing the role of hostage for which he had cast Hitler. . . . Above the cheering multitudes and the songs of [Hitler's] triumphs, Hindenburg slept, and in his sleep he dreamed that he was dead. In awe he came before the Great Examiner:
>
> "Your name . . . and what have you done in life?"
>
> "I think, Sir, that I have done my duty."
>
> "But have you kept your Oath?"
>
> And in effort to find an answer to this question Hindenburg, with relief, awoke.
>
> They were still cheering . . .

In Emil Ludwig's words: Hindenburg had millions of faithful compatriots; he did not leave behind a single friend. This latest biography by Wheeler-Bennett offers further proof.

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Fair Days in New York

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

Mayor LaGuardia (above) opening The New York Times *National Book Fair on November 4 at Rockefeller Center, where over a thousand guests came to the preview . . .*

. . . Visitors to the Fair make a tour of the seventy-four publishers' exhibits, stopping in front of Morrow's roulette book-wheel (above), and the displays (left) of Little, Brown and the Oxford University Press. *(See Trade Winds, page 37, for further news of the Book Fair.)*

***Pamela Travers** (above), author of "Mary Poppins," entertains the guests at her publishers' party for children . . . (Left) John Gunther, author of "Inside Europe," answers mail at his New York hotel.*

Constance Rourke (above) autographs copies of her "Audubon" at her publishers' office; E. P. O'Donnell (left), Houghton Mifflin fellowship winner for his recent novel, "Green Margins," surveys Longacre Square.

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Reformer and Judge

BRANDEIS. By Alfred Lief. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT H. MONTAGUE

ON November 13 Mr. Justice Brandeis will reach his eightieth birthday. In age, but not in point of service, he has been ever since the retirement of his old friend, colleague, and fellow Bostonian, Mr. Justice Holmes, the oldest member of the United States Supreme Court. He completed last year his twentieth year of service on the Court, and his fame is today secure as one of the outstanding justices in the 146 years of its history.

What the qualities are which make a justice of that unique tribunal great is an eternally absorbing question, to the public no less than to lawyers. Mr. Lief presents an answer to the question, so far as Mr. Justice Brandeis is concerned, by portraying an extraordinarily vivid life, which in its originality and its bold departure from the conventional career of a modern practising lawyer is without parallel in the history of any other judge in this or any other English-speaking country.

JUSTICE BRANDEIS

On the foundations of unremitting industry, brilliant legal ability, and ever-growing knowledge of and contact with every aspect of American social and economic life since the late seventies, Mr. Brandeis steadily and rapidly built up in Boston a great law practice and a great law firm, which by the nineties had attained national reputation. For more than a quarter of a century before he left the Bar, the volume and lucrativeness of his professional practice, quite apart from the various reform causes which gave him nation-wide renown, placed him in the very top-flight of successful American lawyers. Mr. Lief shows the rise of Mr. Brandeis's fortune from a capital of $50,000 and an annual income of $20,000 in the early nineties to an accumulation of something more than $2,000,000 and an annual income exceeding $100,000 several years before he was appointed to the Supreme Court.

Beginning in the nineties, and continuing throughout the next quarter century, Mr. Brandeis devoted an ever-increasing portion of his working time to unpaid work as legal counsel or propagandist. First in Boston, then throughout Massachuetts, then in various state capitals and cities outside Massachusetts, and later before the Interstate Commerce Commission and various committees of the Senate and House of Representatives, he gave himself to the prosecution of great causes of reform for which his remarkable combination of legal, economic, and social knowledge splendidly equipped him. In Boston he founded the Public Franchise League, and led it in a series of sorties against public utility abuses in Massachusetts, and by one campaign after another finally procured the enactment of a series of regulatory laws, each of which he drafted, and all of which have withstood successfully all attacks and threats of attack in the courts. With a resourcefulness and an inventiveness that are found only among lawyers of top-rank constructive ability, he worked out the details of a law under which savings banks in Massachusetts might write in life insurance under the supervision of a life insurance bureau set up in the office of the State Banking Commissioner, and then, *mirabile dictu*, after a speaking campaign throughout the state, and after successive hearings before the Massachusetts Legislature, he procured from the Legislature the enactment of this law exactly as he had drafted it—a *tour de force* which Mr. Brandeis quite properly characterizes as his "greatest achievement."

Mr. Brandeis fought in the newspapers and before committees of the Massachusetts Legislature and of Congress against the "tying clauses" in the leases of the United Shoe Machinery Company, of which he once had been director and legal counsel. He fought the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad in the effort to prevent the New Haven's acquisition of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and then he fought the New Haven and J. P. Morgan & Company in opposition to the New Haven's acquisition of street car lines and steamboat lines and against the New Haven's expanding indebtedness and capitalization. During the Taft administration he intervened in the Senate investigation of Secretary of Interior Ballinger. He intervened also in the Interstate Commerce Commission hearings on the application of the railroads for increased rates, convincing the Commission that the railroads had overlooked the possibility of large savings through scientific management, and therefore had failed to justify their request for increased rates.

Mr. Brandeis worked with Senator La-Follette, senior, in the Progressive Republican movement in 1910 and 1911; but in 1912 he threw in his lot with Woodrow Wilson, and during the election in 1912 became the adviser of Woodrow Wilson on legislative proposals for the regulation of business. In that relation he continued until President Wilson in 1915 nominated him as a member of the Supreme Court.

It is not surprising that Mr. Brandeis's successful reforming activities raised up enemies against him. Nor is it surprising that the acerbity of his enemies increased while his income as a practising lawyer increased step by step with his growing fame as a reformer. Comforting of the afflicted usually is accompanied by more or less afflicting of the comfortable. Qualities that make a man sympathetic to reform may be extremely useful in a judge, but qualities that make such a hard-hitting reformer as Mr. Brandeis was, have never, prior to the career of Mr. Justice Brandeis in the Supreme Court, been successfully fused into an exemplary judicial temperament. No one at all approaching Mr. Brandeis as a reformer had ever before sat in the Supreme Court. The nearest approach to him was probably Chief Justice Salmon Portland Chase. But, viewed in the light of Mr. Lief's chronicle, by the side of Mr. Brandeis's, Chase's record as a reformer was pale indeed.

Gilbert H. Montague has been legal counsel in numerous proceedings under business regulatory laws in Federal and state courts and is the author of a number of books on business and law.

In Strachey's Tradition

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND. By Edith Sitwell. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by T. C. MENDENHALL

BY reducing a complex character to its simple components in the best Strachey tradition, Miss Sitwell has painted the most living, and hence appealing, portrait of Queen Victoria yet written. Furthermore, depth is given to the simple, salient features of the Queen by the painstaking and artistic creation of the background, both personal and physical, against which she moved. Her family and ministers, her palaces and clothes are all sketched with an attention to significant detail that provides the necessary shading for the complete portrait. And finally, Miss Sitwell has made a noteworthy attempt, by means of Engels's "Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844," to show the other "nation" which was painfully evolving in England, quite unseen or at best misunderstood by the greater part of the royal circle.

Miss Sitwell sees as the basis of Victoria's character her simple, unquestioning, never-wavering belief in her own position. It was more than mere self-confidence or even conceit; "Victoria of England was conceived, born, and bred to be a queen." To this belief was added a charm of voice and grace of gesture that more than made up for her lack of height and beauty "as the world knows it." Victoria never lost this regal sense, as Miss Sitwell shows, from the day she first

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realized when a child that the guards were saluting her but not her half-sister Feodore, until the moment sixty years later when Bismarck's knees trembled as he went to meet the mother-in-law of the dying Frederick. Even in love, she never lost the touch.

Yet paradoxically, in spite of this unshakable confidence in herself, Victoria had to have someone near her to follow and worship. There is a long string of them — Lehzen, Uncle Leopold, Lord M., dear Albert, Mr. Disraeli — whose influence may be estimated by the length of time required by the Queen to recover from their loss. Miss Sitwell quite rightly emphasizes the period up to 1860 rather than last forty years of the Queen's life. It was her governess, her political advisers, and her husband that were the great formative influences on Victoria. And the greatest of these was Albert.

These two contradictory sides of the Queen's nature resulted in a perpetual feeling of being alone—not physically but emotionally — that increased constantly after the death of the Prince Consort. But duty triumphed over emotion to make the last decades of the reign at once a model and a marvel of what dignity and prestige royalty might assume.

Behind the Queen, her advisers, and her ever-growing family Miss Sitwell has painted a dramatic backdrop of early industrial England — the poverty, filth, and horror that accompanied the arrival of the machine age. One wishes that she had done the same for the later period and given a picture of the great strides made in the rectification of these evils towards the end of the century.

This biography shows the best and worst of the Strachey tradition. Complex characters are reduced to simple, well-known characteristics and then revived by a colorful, perhaps inaccurate dramatization of the surrounding scene. Selection and artistic re-creation are the basis of this method; if handled judiciously, a living, well-balanced figure like this Victoria is the result.

EDITH SITWELL

A Tudor Peep-Show

THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII. By Paul Rival. Translated by Leo Gurko. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

HERE is another of those books that will be listed as "Popular Biography," a classification which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Qualifying as neither history nor fiction, nor, for that matter as pure biography, these prettied-up short cuts to the real thing, these slapdash "Lamb's Tales from Froude," are merely a rehashing of a tale already familiar warmed over with a sprinkling of inaccuracies and a good deal of sex thrown in for the sake of what the blurbs call "pique and point." Paul Rival's latest work, "The Six Wives of Henry VIII," makes no pretense at being anything else. Told in a manner less of the historian than of the feature-writer for the *American Weekly*, it gives the impression of being a sort of Tudor peep-show. With nothing new to contribute except possibly a few conjectures that are palpably improbable, the author re-narrates the ever-absorbing saga of England's Bluebeard with spirit and a certain amount of salaciousness.

One's first quarrel is with the writer's interpretation of his corpulent hero. Henry the beast, the obese voluptuary, has in the imaginations of many exceeded Henry the Monarch. That this amazing man was at times a cruel sensualist is not to be doubted, but that he was also a very great ruler is equally indubitable. He it was who built up the British Navy, who helped establish the Parliamentary system that has come down to our time, who was instrumental in raising England from a secondary to a world power. He was a witty conversationalist, a brilliant theologian, a fair musician, and an artist in diplomacy (when he wanted to be). Always an ardent patriot his interests, even when his marriages were involved, were unceasingly for the betterment not merely of himself but of his country. In dwelling therefore upon his lusts and caprices, the author dismisses the major accomplishments of his reign as if they were second in importance to his bed-manners. Devil that he is, he is hardly given his due, being treated somewhat as a royal case of arrested development.

These protestations, however, are doubtless carping, for the book is not meant to be a scholarly treatise. It is a gay, inconsequential, and extremely readable account of Henry's loves and dalliances . . . some authentic, some conjecture, a work at times more of pornography than of biography. Those who are seeking a gossipy, decidedly embroidered synopsis of Henry's domestic adventures will welcome the amusing account. For the reader who is already familiar with the story it is a waste of time.

ROBERT NORTON, EDITH WHARTON, MARGARET CHANLER, AND LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.

Mellow Years

AUTUMN IN THE VALLEY. By Mrs. Winthrop Chanler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. CHANDLER'S graceful pen stands her in good stead in this book as in her delightful "Roman Spring" but unfortunately here it has far less interesting material to play on than in that earlier volume. For there her pages were bright with the effulgence of Rome and brisk with the animation of the gifted group which made her circle; here, with brief interludes in Paris and Italy, her chronicle has shifted to the America of Newport and the Genessee Valley and Washington, and its personalities are drawn from the world of Society rather than from that of achievement.

Men and women noted in politics and letters flit intermittently through the narrative, but the glimpses of them are brief and little revealing. Mrs. Jack Gardner, with her home and her art treasures and her eccentricities, Monsignor Fay, disguised as Lady Aberdeen in a silver lace garment, Mrs. Borden Harriman, presiding over her Sunday Round Table in Washington, the Chanler home in the fox-hunting section of New York state, hunts in America and Ireland and Italy, the Messina earthquake as reflected in her husband's letters, the war and its impact on the Chanler family, these and a hundred homely details of family life make up the sum of "Autumn in the Valley." It has charm, because Mrs. Chanler has a mind that is sprightly and thoughtful at once, and interest because she has a happy faculty for evoking the flavor of a scene or event. But those who found in "Roman Spring" one of the most delightful volumes of reminiscence of its kind of recent years will not be able to escape disappointment in this book.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Gratitude, Forty Years Late

PROFESSOR E. W. BROWN, emeritus professor of Yale University, distinguished mathematician and astronomer, has long since forgotten the matter; but it touched my life more nearly than the researches in celestial mechanics and the Tables of the Motions of the Moon which made him F. R. S. and for which he is known to science. The conjunction (or asymptote) this month of Children's Book Week and Bicky Brown's 70th birthday seem to me quite as important as any of his calculated Inequalities in the Moon's Motion Due to Direct Action of the Planets. Why, in childhood, I knew Professor Brown as "Bicky" is now forgotten, but I hope he is still so addressed by his intimates, and I am quite sure that Diana herself thinks of him by that endearing familiarity.

In those days we had no such thing as Children's Book Week, or any other kind of stipulated hebdomad for cleaning one's teeth, or preventing fire, or bundling up old clothes for the Salvation Army. I suppose people just did that sort of thing anyhow. But we had Bicky Brown. In the family where he was a sort of adopted bachelor uncle, some of the best books the children ever had were given by him at Christmases and birthdays, between (say) the ages of 4 and 14. That's one reason why I'm a bit skeptical about some of the pantywaist kind of books put out for children nowadays. A couple of years ago I saw some hullabaloo about the Random House getting out "the first complete *Gulliver's Travels* ever issued in this country." I grinned and turned to the grand old *Gulliver* (Macmillan 1894, with Brock's superb illustrations) which Bicky Brown gave me at Christmas 1900. As though any other edition could compare with that; and complete, too, barring the omission of one brief episode of vulgarity.

But what I have in mind at the moment is a book that Bicky Brown gave me probably more than 40 years ago. It came back to my mind recently when I was writing for this Green a Mother Goose echo suggested by the Election. The book was *Treasury of Pleasure Books for the Young*, always known by its very young beneficiary as The Chocky Book (because of its chocolate-colored binding). I'm sorry to say that it is now in somewhat tattered state (a whole other generation has been raised on it) and the title page is torn. The name of the publishers is still there, however, and I quote their imprint because I never remember hearing of them since. Do they still exist? Did they ever publish anything else? Even if they don't, or didn't, they deserve this belated word of thanks for the pleasure they gave in at least one family. Here is how they described themselves:—

GRIFFITH FARRAN OKEDEN & WELSH
Newbery House
CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON
AND AT SYDNEY

The name "Newbery House" obviously suggests some connection with the famous juvenile publisher John Newbery, so perhaps G. F. O. and W. were long-distance successors. But their name, in that form, is not familiar to me.

Nor is there any date, or coypright notice, or any other bibliographic information remaining in my good old Chocky Book, except that it was printed by Turnbull and Spears of Edinburgh. But in illustrations and in print it is so immeasurably superior to most modern examples of its kind that it makes me sigh. Is that just the sentimental nostalgia of middle age? I don't think so. It has been confirmed by children of a later growth. Among the several artists who contributed (both in color and black-and-white) I see the initials W.C., which surely stand for Walter Crane? Also the names of E. Morant Cox and A. Chasemore.

The Chocky Book had great influence on me; indeed its three gaily illustrated fables about cats must have had much to do with my secret regard for that intelligent animal. (Dogs, in their proper place, I duly esteem, but they are slow to grow up; they are frequently emotional, noisy, and indiscreet.) *The Treasury of Pleasure Books* included Dick Whittington, Puss in Boots, and Dame Trot, and W.C.'s illustrations for the latter were my particular favorites. There was one, showing the sorrow of Dame Trot's cat when brought back from elopement and escapade, which forty years ago (I am told on the best authority) I could not look at without bursting into tears. I reproduce it—but of course to get the full impact of its woe you would need to have enjoyed the high spirits of the earlier pictures.

Translations from the South American

Vibrations of the Purser

She's a slow ship, about 12 knots,
And I was about to say, no vibration.
But one day, when I sat in the chair
Of the *contador* (or purser)
I noticed a strong quiver.

It was explained that the purser's office
Has the saloon below it and the social hall above
So it is not rigidly supported
And the industrious *contador*
Studying his innumerable manifests
Feels a deep bowelsome shudder.

But is it not so
In any enterprise?
The counting house is where
One feels the vibration.

The Angle

One day when the *Rita* was rolling
I was topside by the binnacle
Watching the Heeling Indicator.

She rolls more up here, I thought.
But No, I answered myself.
The arc is longer
But the angle is the same.

Is it not so
Throughout the whole social scale?
Higher-ups have more swing
But we are all subtended by the same angle,
The angle of Fire and Food.

Swat!

If a fly will only light
You can lay it out cold,
And the same is true
Of a thought.

Strategy

A well-planned ship, said Jack the Barber.
There's no hot water in the staterooms
So most of the boys
Come to me to get shaved.

Not Responsible

Excellent was the cautious warning
Of the Arequipa newspaper
Above its column of cinema talk:—

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Los conceptos vertidos (the opinions poured out)
En la seccion Envios de los Empresarios No son de nuestra responsabilidad.

Blue Blood and Advertising

SIR:—I feel it my duty to call you to task concerning certain remarks you made about Mrs. and Miss You Know I Am Only Advertising For The Sake of Charity (Bowling Green, October 24). Something about the way you put your words together made me feel that you did not care for such advertising and might even go so far as to discourage it.

I think that is very wrong. What it needs is not discouragement but guidance. I do love consistency in all things, and after seeing several advertisements of the type you mention, I have reached the conclusion that the spirit of the thing is all right, but in its specific detail it is all wrong.

This matter has worried me a great deal. Every time I see one of those things I want to go have a good heart to heart talk with the pictured lady. You see I am a Kentuckian, Old Stock, Virginia land grants in the family, a D. A. R. on three or four counts, and have always been told that I could be a Colonial Dame and trace kinship to a Signer. So you see that if at times what ought to be a mild interest leaps into excited indignation there is a reason for it.

I am indignant because the ads are so very lacking in impact, and this lack could be remedied through changing a few simple details. I shall illustrate. Mrs. You Know etc. advertises cigarettes. Now you know and I know that her Signer never saw a Camel or a Chesterfield. How much better would it not be for—let us say Star chewing tobacco—to be on that list along with the mint and the buttered balls. She could then say, Star is exactly like that which my so-and-so chewed at the Battle of Bull Run." That has impact. Not only impact but that jewel of advertising—educational and historical value. The list of such specific items is endless. The daughters of the Signers, some of whom were not rich men, knew next to nothing of buttered balls and tiny lima beans, but from what I have always read and heard the majority of them were well acquainted with such things as the snuff and spittoons their fathers used, their smoking tobacco, and remedies for itch and athletics foot. The men of their families often wore brogan shoes and heavy woolen socks so that athletics foot must have been quite common.

They doctored skin diseases with lard and sulphur. Now don't you think that a picture of a Signer's Descendent rubbing her husband's back with ointment, meanwhile sniffing in elaborate exultation and saying, I know this is pure as that with which my Several Greats etc. cured her husband's itch in 1795. Or a nice motherly looking sort of Signer's Descendent with her uppers in and her lowers in her hand, smiling a wide smile and saying, Not even my So-and So, cousin to George Washington, had false teeth as good as these." Or a young lady experimentally spitting into a spittoon in the lobby of the Pompaduke Hotel Ritz and saying "It punks like the one my Several Greats etc. used."

I trust that I have made myself clear, and that you now feel that your task is not to discourage but to guide and encourage. I believe that the possibilities of the field are limitless. I wish I could enter it. You may say that my blood is not blue enough because all my ancestors came to Eastern Kentucky and made hill billies. That, however, has nothing to do with it. Blue blood is a lot like buttermilk and cheese. Set even the mildest of milk away for a time and its color will change. If you leave it long enough and then squeeze it and work over it a lot and throw the useless parts away you get cheese, and if you bury the cheese for a long time and then dig it up it is very, very fine cheese indeed.

Covington, Ky. HARRIETTE SIMPSON.

Baker Street Irregularities

SIR:—Has anybody pointed out in connection with Sherlock Holmes the most striking example of Conan Doyle's belief in the importance of heredity? We all know that Professor Moriarty had "hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind," and that Holmes's own uncanny powers for deduction "may have come with my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms." But I doubt if most of us have connected Pietro Vanucci of "The Adventure of the Six Napoleons"—"one of the greatest cut-throats in London"—with his obvious forbear Pietro Vanucci of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, that Italian genius of the middle fifteenth century, who, as soon as his pictures began to sell, became a libertine. Art took a good four hundred years to go foul, but what a damning example here for the moralist! In this same volume, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, in "The Adventure of the Empty House," the Honorable Ronald Adair was engaged to Miss Edith Woodley; and in a later story, "The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist," the villain of the piece is Roaring Jack Woodley, "the greatest brute and bully in South Africa—a man whose name is a holy terror from Kimberley to Johannesburg." Were Edith and Jack related, do you suppose? Did Ronald break off his relations with the former because of the notoriety of the latter?—or did Edith perhaps under her calm exterior have something of her relative's animal magnetism? Or was Conan Doyle just hard up for names? Where does an author get the names for all his characters, anyway? . . .

Lubbock, Texas. ALAN LANG STROUT.

A Great Sea Story

THE TRUTH ABOUT COLUMBUS. By Charles Duff. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.

THIS is a better book than its title would lead you to believe. Since most of the "truth" about Columbus is now irrecoverable, obscured alike by the neglect of his contemporaries and his own habitual mendacity, and some of it is still buried in the Spanish archives, Mr. Duff is content to present the known facts as they have been ascertained by scholars to date, and to draw the most probable conclusions, usually with a proper caution, and a modest willingness to distinguish between what we guess and what we know.

Next to nothing is known of the life of Columbus before 1492. It is held to be likely that he was a Genoese of humble origin, that he voyaged in the Mediterranean probably as a supercargo, that he later settled in Lisbon and for a time in the Azores and sailed down the African coast and perhaps to Iceland, that he was not an accomplished navigator, that he knew something of cartography, and that he began, about 1484, to press upon the sovereigns of Europe the idea of a voyage westward across the Atlantic. As to the source of his idea, Mr. Duff refuses to commit himself. He might have got it from Behaim's globe, or the famous Toscanelli chart, or even from the legendary pilot of Huelva cast ashore on the Azores after having touched the new world. The seed of the idea was sown, Mr. Duff thinks, by the reports of the Viking discovery of Vineland; it was ripe by the fifteenth century, and somebody was bound to adopt it before long. Columbus happened to have the kind of temperament necessary to promote it successfully.

In doing so he was greatly assisted by the Spanish Jews, so greatly that the author plays for a moment with the idea that Columbus may have been a Jew himself. This seems improbable. But the vital assistance of such Jews as Luis de Santangel and Abraham and Isaac Abravanel, offered at the critical moment, is indisputable on grounds which are here ably summarized.

The story of the famous voyages Mr. Duff wisely leaves as far as possible in the words of the discoverer himself, piecing together with considerable skill the letters, and the journal quoted by Las Casas, into a rapid narrative. It is a great story, one of the greatest stories of the sea, and in this dextrous version it is as fresh and moving as ever, as good as if it had never been told before. Best of all, the pathos and irony of the Admiral's last years are preserved quite free from the maudlin sentimentalizing in which that tragedy is usually dressed. Not the whole truth by any means, this is, nevertheless, a good, sound job, the most readable and accurate recent life of Columbus.

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What Critics all Over the Country Report on the Newest Work by the "Outstanding Contestant for the Nobel Prize*" Sholem Asch

"The numerous characters come completely alive as individuals; the social forces of which they are the symptoms walk with them like ever-present shadows. Post-War Germany is no mere back-drop here; it takes on a life of its own, and a people rises, walks, gesticulates, cries out on every page."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"No novel of the past year has dwelt with a more heroic theme, and no writer of our time is better equipped to handle it than Sholem Asch."
—*Pittsburgh Post Gazette.*

"The book is even more significant than *Three Cities*. Nothing has yet been written that so vividly describes the period of inflation in Germany."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"*The War Goes On* immediately takes its place with the half-dozen memorable novels of the year."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"An outstanding novel. The author unrolls a broad panorama filled with flesh and blood characters from all strata of life."
—*Washington News.*

"Full-bodied, heroic fiction . . . a book of scope, power and social significance."
—*Newark Star Eagle.*

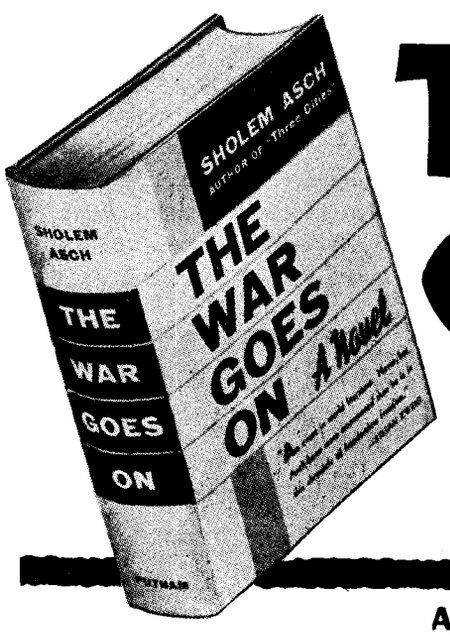
"An intensely absorbing and dramatic description of the background of Nazism."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"Asch gives fresh interest to historical material by making it all so human, so warmly alive."
—*Philadelphia Record.*

* "The canvas of *The War Goes On* is as broad as that in Asch's other outstanding work of fiction, *Three Cities*. These two fine novels make him the outstanding contestant for the Nobel Prize."—*Chicago News.*

"Enormously rich in incident and characterization . . . powerful . . . unusual depth and significance."—*Duluth News & Tribune.*

"Mounting upward in an ever-increasing crescendo of emotional excitement, *The War Goes On* has a quality which can only be described as symphonic."—*Toledo Blade.*



THE WAR GOES ON

by Sholem Asch

AUTHOR OF "THREE CITIES"

AT ALL BOOKSTORES $3. PUTNAM'S

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Art of the Night

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

GORDON DAVIOT is the Scotswoman who, in "Richard of Bordeaux," achieved an uncommonly good specimen of the literary drama by thinking of drama first and of literature secondly. In "The Laughing Woman," recently brought over from London, she achieved an uncommonly bad example of the literary drama by an opposite cerebral functioning. Her mental processes on this occasion were so exactly those of many playwrights who self-consciously set themselves to the confection of literary drama that they may be offered as an illuminating clinical example and as a warning.

It is the apparent conviction of these playwrights, Miss Daviot surprisingly heading the class, that any play about artists becomes automatically something approaching to literary drama. And it is seemingly their further conviction that that approach may be shortened and the goal brought within kicking distance if only they embellish their plays with enough allusions to literary personages to make *The Saturday Review of Literature* look in comparison like *Ballyhoo*. If, in addition, they incorporate into their exhibits several quotations from completely obscure and entirely negligible authors of whom they pose themselves, with all too evident warm self-gratification, as discoverers worthy of high audience acclaim, they are finally convinced that, so far as literary drama goes, they are in the money.

While Miss Daviot is relatively innocent on the last indictment, she and her play are guilty of first degree literary drama murder on the other counts. Based upon the life of Henri Gaudier, the sculptor, and of Sophie Brzeska, his literary boudoir companion, "The Laughing Woman" reveals itself as merely another of the endless routine displays of greasepaint artistic temperament, interpreted as always in terms of violent door-slammings, agonized hair-rumplings, wrathful statue-smashings and sudden contritions, and with the whole liberally sprinkled with the names of painters, sculptors, and writers. In the way of drama it is nil, and in the way of literature it is even less than that. Instead of taking a relevant leaf out of "The Savage Messiah" and accomplishing something in the direction of drama and maybe, incidentally, even something in the direction of literature, the playwright has torn a leaf out of the lesser English drama of the 1890's, has inked it with copious references to Croce, Beerbohm, Katherine Mansfield, and other library figures, has laid her prologue and epilogue in a London Art Gallery, and has thereby induced herself contentedly to imagine that the result is a suave combination of drama and literature. What it is is a very bad play made worse by an affectation of book-shelf and art-catalogue culture.

Both in the library and in the theatre perusal of the play is its inner fraudulence manifest. In the one as in the other Gaudier becomes not a sculptor with a hint of the passion of genius in him but simply an actor who essays vainly to talk his audience into accepting him as something more than a mere actor. The character is infinitely less Gaudier, or a figure modeled after him, than the late Lou Tellegen trying successlessly not to be himself. And the same with Brzeska. Under Miss Daviot's hand, that interesting creature is metamorphosed into a stock company actress who has bought a ninety-eight cent copy of Croce at the corner drugstore and who has been converted by it into a dressing-room intellectual. The net effect of the play, in short, what with its highly theatrical temperamental tantrums periodically interrupted with allusions to figures in the world of literature and art, is like looking at a vaudeville team of Arab acrobats and simultaneously reading the literary section of the London *Observer*.

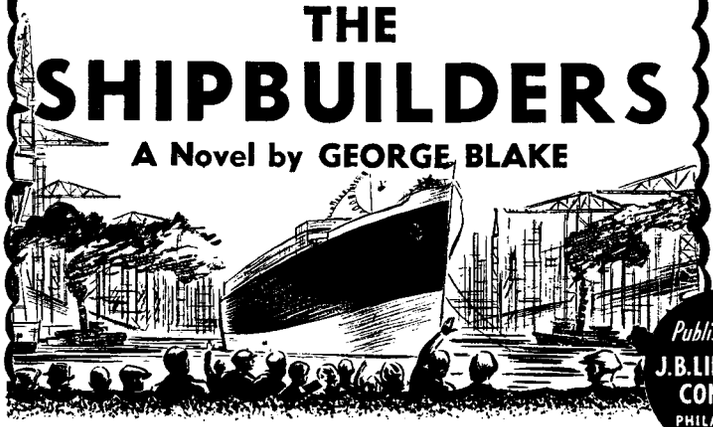
Drama that tries deliberately to be literary drama seldom, one reflects, turns out to be anything of the kind. Its drama kills its literary aspiration as its literary aspiration kills its drama, and the result is a bastard zero. Sound literary drama is perhaps the lucky accident that ensues when a dramatist, with his eyes set solely, singly, and resolutely upon drama, happens to have in him, on the side, a feeling for literature. It is that feeling, unwittingly and even rebelliously intruding itself into his pure dramatic conscience, that lifts his drama, often to his own surprise, into the realm of literature. The person, on the other hand, who in writing drama thinks of literature first and of drama thereafter generally puts the lover of literature and the lover of drama simultaneously to sleep.

The editors note again, for readers who missed earlier appearances of this department, that it runs every second week.

"MAGNIFICENT!"
...wrote Compton Mackenzie

The imagination-firing, soul-stirring story of the men who build ships on the Clyde. A truly great book, of which Christopher Morley says: "It ranges the whole social scale; it has humor and tenderness. In short, a vivid and absorbing novel." Selected unanimously as the choice of the English Book Society, it has already sold some 40,000 copies in England. *At your bookstore, $2.50.*

THE SHIPBUILDERS
A Novel by GEORGE BLAKE



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Indians Turned White

CIVILIZATION. By Thomas Wildcat Alford (as told to Florence Drake). Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH MIRRIELEES

THOMAS WILDCAT ALFORD, Shawnee Indian, names his present volume of reminiscences "Civilization." Civilization made by whites? Civilization made by Indians and crushed by white settlers? The reader, whatever his predilections, changes his mind on this point at least twice in the course of his reading, the changes giving interest and ironic emphasis to a book plainly and flatly written, a factual account from which the record of emotions has been almost excluded.

Born in Oklahoma in 1860, Thomas Wildcat (the "Alford" was yet to come) set himself to the task of riding two horses going in opposite ways. White man's education, religion, living standards —these he wanted and took or tried to take. At the same time he wanted to remain an Indian, a guide and leader of his people. His book is the story of his efforts to harmonize these two sets of wants. Throughout it, however, the presentation of Alford the individual is subordinated —perhaps unconsciously—to the presentation of Alford the type, and in this subordination lies a chief value of the narrative. Alford, in his ambitions, training, relation to his people, shows himself as a representative of the educated Indian bought up in the last decades of the nineteenth century, when to turn the Indian white in all but his skin was the benevolent purpose alike of Indian Bureau and of missionaries.

This benevolent purpose and its effects are nowhere more evident than in the writer's story of his conversion from the faith of his tribe.

> Hampton (where he had been sent on a scholarship) was not a sectarian school . . . A short religious service was held daily in the assembly hall, and attendance at some church on the Sabbath was compulsory . . . One of our teachers seemed to take a special interest in this side of our development, even detaining us after Sunday school to talk to us and tell us the advantages of Christianity.

Before going to Hampton, Alford had spent an all-night session with the leaders of his tribe, the session culminating in their promise to make him a chief on his return and his answering vow that he would hold fast to the Shawnee faith. Under this "special interest," however, he, like most of his fellows, underwent conversion and, like his fellows, returned forever an outcast from the inner life of his people.

The whole of the chapter "White Man's Religion," from which the excerpt above is taken, makes curious reading, and not the less curious in contrast to the portraits of whites scattered through the book. Teachers and Indian agents show rather well, being filled usually with good intentions however modified by stupidity. The rest of the early Oklahoma drift—land sharks, horse thieves, confidence men—should have gone farther than they seem to have done in rendering permanent the writer's childhood attitude. "I held just as much fear in my heart of a white man as any white boy holds of a 'wild Indian.'"

The early chapters of the book are rich in information concerning Shawnee customs. What becomes of the Shawnee widow, the drastic means by which drunkenness was curbed in the tribe, how a boy is trained for manhood, what were the Shawnee habits of courtship—these things and others find their way into the narrative with a casualness which vouches for their truth. It is the feeling of truth, of so-ness, throughout the book which compensates for its spiritless style and its frequent recording of commonplace incidents, and makes this thirteenth volume of the "Civilization of the American Indian" series one well worth while for students of Indian life.

Edith Mirrielees, Professor of English at Stanford University, is educational consultant for the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Party Leader

THE LIFE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. By Edward Lascelles. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by H. DONALDSON JORDAN

THE eighteenth century was full of men of wit and color, men whom we think we should have liked to know. As subjects of biography many of them are entertaining, and some are also "problems" for the historian to place correctly in his mosaic. Charles James Fox is a good subject. Descended from one king and named after two, he was the favorite enemy of a third. As a parliamentary debater he was peerless, as a loser at cards he became legendary. The disreputability of his private life is matched only by the tremendous devotion of his friends. His dominance of the House of Commons is set off by failure to lead his party to victory and office. He has usually been presented as an attractive failure and his most widely read biography tactfully stops when he was twenty-five years old. His lines lay in Whig high society.

But after all Fox was primarily a politician. Thirty-eight of his fifty-seven years were spent in the House of Commons, most of them as an avowed party leader. Three times he was secretary of state and twice all but prime minister. His life was a public life, which Mr. Lascelles is careful to narrate in its proper linear dimensions; the book moves in strictly chronological order from beginning to end without a single subject heading and with dates for chapter titles. The result is an impeccably proportioned narrative in which, perhaps for the first time, Fox's life appears as a whole, his personality pictured in terms of his activity. It should be mentioned that the story is largely political history, full of historians' pet themes and controversies, and the reader who wants only the drama of personal conflict may find it a shade tedious at times.

H. Donaldson Jordan is on the staff of Clark University.

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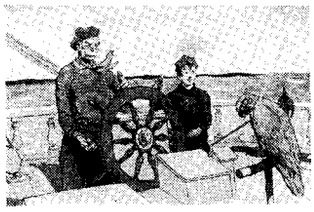

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BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONLY a few weeks ago (October 10) I filled several columns with comment on children's books. New riches are now before me. I shall begin with some of those for older children. The girls, according to etiquette, come first.

Stories For Girls

Louisa M. Alcott, being a famous writer for girls in an elder day, and May Lamberton Becker being a notable critic of children's books, I wish to mention at once the latter's anthology, "Louisa Alcott's People," published at two dollars by Scribner. Thomas Fogarty has done the handsome illustrations. Girls of from eight to twelve will enjoy the story of one of their kind with the Mounties in "Susannah," by Muriel Denison, illustrated by Marguerite Bryan (Dodd, Mead: $2). In "Come Summer," by Virginia McCarty Bare (Longmans: $1.75), we have the tale of how a modern girl and her brother made a home for their brothers and sisters on a New Hampshire farm. Christmas and winter sports are a feature, and the Dartmouth Winter Carnival figures. Another capable girl is Bendy Hayden of "Rocking Chair Ranch," by Lenora Mattingly Weber (Houghton Mifflin: $2). She rehabilitates the broken down "Rocking Chair" for the Happy Haydens, who made a picnic affair out of living. And Helen Dore Boylston, herself a graduate of a training school for nurses, gives a true picture of life in a great hospital in "Sue Barton, Student Nurse" (Little, Brown: $2). She carries her heroine through many scrapes in her course of training as probationer. Brenda Coleman in "Saddle and Bridle," by Fjeril Hess (Macmillan: $1.75), is an engaging tenderfoot on vacation at her uncle's ranch in Northern Colorado under Sugar Loaf Butte.

You will note the variety of *locale* in these books. Another Western one is "Tangled Waters," by Florence Crannell Means (Houghton Mifflin: $2), a good story, by a practised juvenile writer, of the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, the heroine being a native girl, Altolie. The colored frontispiece and illustrations by Herbert Morton Stoops are above the average. Girls will also enjoy—as will boys—Augusta Huiell Seaman's "The Strange Pettingill Puzzle" (Doubleday: $1.75), two stories by a favorite writer of mystery stories for girls, concerning an old house on the New Jersey Coast. There's also a good girl's novel from Dodd, Mead in "Something to Remember" ($2), by Elizabeth Stancy Payne, and I can especially recommend from the Viking Press "Beppy Marlowe" ($2), by Elizabeth Janet Gray, an excellent historical novel by the author of that unusual biographical book "Young Walter Scott." I must not forget a new story of the Lankester girls, "Off to Philadelphia" (Houghton Mifflin: $2), by Marjorie Hill Allee, who is well-informed concerning American Quaker life in the 1840s.

For boys and girls both I recommend the following: the translation of Max Metzger's "Monica Goes to Madagascar" (Coward, McCann: $2), Margery Bianco's "Winterbound" (Viking: $2), "Play Street," by Helen Train Hilles (Random House: $2), and from the same firm "Palaces on Monday" ($2), by Marjorie Fischer; Christine Noble Gavan's Southern story "Judy and Chris" ($2). (Don't miss Sears and Roebuck, their colored friends!) "Mulberry Village," a story of China, from Dodd, Mead ($1.75), and Helen Coale Crew's tale of Czechoslovakia, "The Runaway Cousins" (Little, Brown: $1.75). Morrow has a most readable story, founded on unusual historical fact, in Jeanette Eaton's "Betsy's Napoleon" (William Morrow: $2.50).

Besides these, Ruth Bryan Owen, formerly American minister to Denmark, tells in "Denmark Caravan" (Dodd, Mead: $2) of a delightful trip through the Danish countryside, fiction founded on fact; and Carl von Hoffman, the explorer, in "Jerry on Safari" (Lippincott: $2), which is well illustrated by Robert Gaston Herbert, gives fascinating facts for both boys and girls concerning geography, natural history, and the customs and legends of the natives, in a journey from Cairo to the Cape.

History and Adventure

There is a good deal of American historical material dealt with this year. Boys will like the story of "Red" Ford in "Mr. Madison's War" (the War of 1812, of course), published by Julian Messner at two dollars. The author, Henry Barnard Safford, wrote a former lively story of the Green Mountain Boys in "That Bennington Mob." First-rate is Agnes Danforth Hewes's "The Codfish Musket" (Doubleday, Doran: $2), concerning Boston and the Frontier Trail after the Revolution, stirringly illustrated by Armstrong Perry. "Kaga's Brother," by M. I. Ross (Harpers: $2), is a story of the early nineteenth century, of young Matthew Steel's trip to Sault Ste. Marie on one of the earliest steamboats; of his adopted Indian brother, and strife between the Chippewas and the Sioux. Particularly good maps supplement this tale.

More For Boys

Charles J. Finger, a winner of the Newbery Medal, is well-known for good fiction, and in "A Dog at His Heel" (John C. Winston: $2), Henry C. Pitz has illustrated an excellent story of his, which begins in a sheep-shearing camp in Aus-

(*Continued on page* 24)

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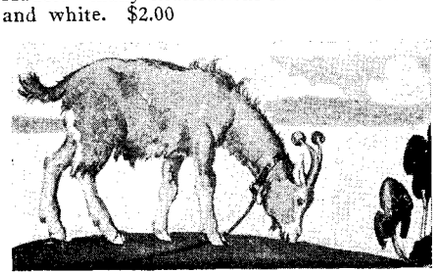

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page 22*)

tralia, and through Jock, an unusual dog, leads Bill and Long Charlie on into adventure in South Africa, the Argentine, and among Patagonian Indians, Gauchos, and shipwreck. No less a hero of boys than Jack Dempsey recommends a sound book by a physician who understands boys and was one of the founders of the Public Schools Athletic League. He is Dr. C. Ward Crampton, and the National Intercollegiate Athletic Association has adopted the Crampton test of physical condition. His book is called "The Boy's Book of Strength" (Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill; $2) and has been written to give boys of preparatory school age a program of health management. Eminently sensible. In "Wishbones or Backbones," Mrs. B. D. Wilhelmus, by means of letters founded on real letters to and from leaders in various professions, surveys careers for ambitious boys under a light disguise of fiction. Newspaper editors, fliers, foresters, the army and navy, photographers, and even dentists have been consulted.

Animal Stories

And now, in approaching the many books for younger children, why not begin with that perennial interest and delight, the Circus? Older as well as younger children will appreciate the stories told by the world-famous animal trainer Vladimir Durov, in his "My Circus Animals," translated from the original Russian by John Cournos (Houghton Mifflin: $2). "Circus Boy," by Harriet F. Bunn (Macmillan: $1.75), through Tim who was born in a circus-wagon, seems to bring back the days of the immortal Toby Tyler. Albert Whitman & Company of Chicago furnish "Away with the Circus," by Winifred W. Wise, telling how a Southern boy and girl saw their country, travelling with the Big Top; and they also have an author, Clara Felt Nims, who has spent a good deal of time on Western ranches and writes a well-illustrated book on "Cowboys and Round-ups" ($2). In this connection Sanford Tousey goes further back into the history of the old West for Doubleday, Doran, presenting a picture-book in color with a thread of text on the days of the old run from Saint Jo to Sacramento in "Jerry and The Pony Express" ($1). Catherine C. Coblentz links more than horses to history when in "Animal Pioneers" (Little, Brown: $2) she tells us about the bull who came to Vinland, the mule who carried Columbus, the dog who accompanied Balboa, a Jamestown hen, and a Puritan Cat! Carrying out the animal motif, two handsome Scribner gift-books are "Pony Tracks," by Elizabeth Spriggs, illustrated by Lionel Edwards, about the ponies in the New Forest ($2.50), and the story of a bull terrier, somewhat on the Cecil Aldin style, called "Champion," written and illustrated in color by K. F. Barker. These are English importations, and so is the delightful "Tiny Friend," by C. R. Acton and C. Ambler ($1.75).

Mrs. Louis Bromfield tells of the dog possessed by the well-known author's son Louis, in "Laddie Boy" (Harpers: $1.50), and Wendell and Lucie Chapman present interestingly the story of the coyote of our Rocky Mountains, with photographic illustrations, in "The Little Wolf (Scribners: $1.50). The author of that masterpiece "Tortilla Flat," namely John Steinbeck, gives praise to Peggy Pond Church's "The Burro of Angelitos" (Suttonhouse, Los Angeles: $2). Whitman & Company, Chicago, present both "Gay Pippo," by Eleanor Fairchild Pease, illustrated by Kurt Wiese: ($2), which is the story of a blue monkey from Madagascar; and "Beppo," story and pictures by Emma Brock: ($2), about a little boy of Assisi and his pet goose. But I have found "The Book of Living Reptiles," by the noted Raymond L. Ditmars, with splendid illustrations by Helène Carter (Lippincott: $2), a particularly instructive and beautiful book, with its remarkable colored charts showing where the crocodilians, lizards, snakes, turtles, and tortoises are found. Another book worth getting, founded on actual natural history, is "Little Black Ant," by Alice Crew Gall and Fleming H. Crew, illustrated by Helen Torrey (Oxford University Press: $1.50). There are also "Tally-Ho," by Margaret and Helen Johnson (Harcourt: $1.75), the story of a spotted Dalmatian carriage dog, and "Adventures of Lappy Cushion Tail," by Stera Bosa, illustrated by Glenna M. Latimer (Dutton: $2), which deals with a small rabbit living near the Great Swamp of Virginia. Furthermore, Marshall Saunders, author of that classic dog-story, "Beautiful Joe," has remarked that Kaye Fox's "Pussy Afloat" (Fleming H. Revell: $2) is the best cat story he ever read. Only I prefer the marvelous "Mittens" by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harpers: $1.50)! Just in time for mention arrive two animal books from the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, one of a sledge dog of Alaska, by Esther Birdsall Darling, "Boris, Grandson of Baldy," and the other "Chisel-Tooth the Beaver," by Joseph Wharton Lippincott. Good looking books both!

Travel and Fantasy

It is beyond possibility to mention all the juvenile literature I should like to. From among the many books about children in all periods of time and all parts of the globe, I pick "In the Days of the Han," by M. Jagendorf, illustrated by Erwin R. F. Newman and published by Suttonhouse Ltd. in Los Angeles; "Henner's Lydia", written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli, the story of a little Amish girl in the Conestoga Valley near Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and "El Pueblo" ($1.75), another Suttonhouse book, this time by Marguerite Cameron, which is a general history of Los Angeles dating back to the time of Balboa, with good stories about Father Junipero Serra, the Missions, the Gold Rush, and so on.

Fantasy is often the best part of children's books, and in this vein I recommend "Teeny and The Tall Man," by Julian R. Meade (Doubleday, Doran: $2), illustrated by Grace Paull (who has been doing a lot of juvenile illustrating this season); "The North Pole Before Lunch," written and illustrated by Clifford Webb (Frederic Warne: $2); "The Gnomobile," by Upton Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart:

(*Continued on page 26*)

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SCRIBNER BOOKS TO PLEASE ALL AGES

Heads and Tales
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"Absorbing and beautiful"; "Excellent reading . . . sumptuously illustrated"; "A magnificent story of living and an unsurpassed chronicle of travel", say leading critics of this national best seller. *128 pages of illustrations. 4th Big Printing.* $5.00

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A Journey from Peking to Kashmir
by **Peter Fleming**

"Refreshing and exciting . . . It is rarely that a book runs away with its reader so that you can not stop reading it . . . A verification that the truth can be stranger and is often more interesting than fiction."—*Saturday Review of Literature. Profusely illustrated from photographs.* $3.00

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As Drawn by C. D. Gibson
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FOR YOUNGER READERS

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Text by **M. D. Horn** *Illustrations by* **Grant Wood**
No children's book of the year has received such high praise both for its lively story and superb illustrations from paintings by a great American artist. *3rd Big Printing.* $2.00

Sajo and the Beaver People by **Grey Owl**
"Artist in words and pictures. Grey Owl has once more written a book to be cherished by those who love the woods, the streams, and wild life."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.50

War Paint *An Indian Pony* by **Paul Brown**
A narrative full of adventure, with spirited pictures of Indians, horses and buffalo hunts—by the author and illustrator of the popular "Piper's Pony" and "Crazy Quilt." $2.00

The Little Wolf
by **Wendell and Lucie Chapman**
The life of a coyote of the Rocky Mountains described in graphic text and amazing photographs by two outstanding naturalist photographers. $2.00

The Reformed Pirate
by **Frank R. Stockton**
The gay and good-natured fairy tales of a favorite American writer collected from several volumes and newly illustrated by Reginald Birch. $2.50

Louisa Alcott's People
Edited by **May Lamberton Becker**
Illustrated in color and line by Thomas Fogarty
The best stories from the Alcott books selected by a well known author and critic of children's books and delightfully illustrated. Boxed. $2.50

The Keys to the City
by **Lavinia Davis**
The adventures of several lively young people in rarely explored corners of New York City. Illustrated. $2.00

The Smiths and Rusty by **Alice Dalgliesh**
What happened when a cocker spaniel "adopted" some city children who had just moved to the country. "It is like living in a cheerful, friendly family to read this amusing story."—*May Lamberton Becker in the New York Herald Tribune. 2nd Printing.* $1.75

General Grant's Last Stand
A Biography by **Horace Green**

New data on the last years of Grant's life appears for the first time in this trenchant and revealing biography. "Makes Grant the man more understandable and real."—*Harry Hansen in the New York World Telegram. Illustrated.* $3.75

Courthouse Square
by **Hamilton Basso**
author of "Cinnamon Seed"

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—*Lyle Saxon in the New York Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Mainland by Gilbert Seldes

"Courageous and stimulating . . . Mr. Seldes is on firm ground and he has mastered his material. In him the middle American class has found a spokesman."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* $3.00

Kit Brandon:
A Portrait by **Sherwood Anderson**

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Illustrated by **Charles Alston**

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Under the Sun by Grace Flandrau

Absorbing tales of white men and women in equatorial Africa. "She gives a truer account of the feeble products of civilization frustrate before nature, than does any writer with whom I am acquainted."
—*Evelyn Scott.* $2.50

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PEGGY and PAUL and LADDY
By MARY JANE CARR
Delightful adventures of two children with their faithful wire-haired fox terrier comrade.
30 *illustrations by Kathleen Voute.* $1.75

CHILDREN of SUNNY SYRIA
By MYRTA HAZLETT DODDS
Picturesque account of the daily life of a brother and sister in Syria.
30 *illustrations by Margaret Ayer.*
$1.50

DICK and the SPICE CUPBOARD
By LUCILE SAUNDERS McDONALD
In a series of remarkable adventures Dick finds out a lot of things about the spices which his mother uses.
58 *illustrations by Helen H. Battey.* $1.75

The ADVENTURES of PETER WHIFFEN
By ENID L. MEADOWCROFT
From the time that Peter meets Mr. Duckit until the very last page, there are so many odd happenings that you just can't read fast enough.
Droll pictures by Beatrice H. Bennetts. $1.50

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The adventures of a little French boy and his American girl friend seeing some of the sights of Paris.
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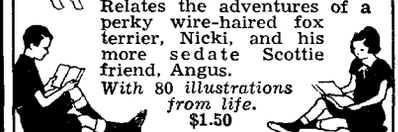
DOG DAYS
By FLORENCE W. TRULLINGER and DORIS DAY
Relates the adventures of a perky wire-haired fox terrier, Nicki, and his more sedate Scottie friend, Angus.
With 80 *illustrations from life.*
$1.50



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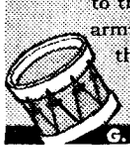
★ Drums in the Balkan Night
By John I. B. McCulloch
Will the Balkans echo again to the drumbeat of marching armies? For the answer read this fascinating book. Profusely illustrated. $3.00



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS · N. Y.

The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page 24*)

$1.50); "The Green One," by Lelia Broderson (Barrows & Mussey: $1.75); "Mr. Tootleoo and Co.," by Bernard and Elinor Darwin (Harpers: $1.75); "The Otto Books," by William the very talented son of the painter Guy Pène de Bois (Viking: $0.65 each, or $1.25 for both); "Sambo and the Twins," by Helen Bannerman (Stokes: $1), and the delightful tiny books about "The Old Woman and Her Pig" and "Puss in Boots" from Holiday House.

Information

There is one instructive book that seems to me a remarkable feat of its kind, so free is it from any of the faults it might have. It is called "Being Born," a book of sex facts for boys and girls, written by Francis Bruce Strain (Appleton-Century: $1.50). It may safely be put in any older child's hands. Caroline D. Emerson, a teacher at the Brearley School, has written a charming story around modern inventions, called "Father's Big Improvements" (Stokes: $1.25). Nina Granada's "French Words and Pictures" (Viking: $1.50) is an excellent way of beginning to learn the language; Reilly & Lee's "Art Stories" ($1.25 each) are instructively simplified; and two Viking Press books, "Listening," by Kate Seredy, and "Roller Skates," by Ruth Sawyer, (each $2) convey historical information of other eras through charming stories. I should like, incidentally, to give a special prize to Viking for the beauty of its children's books! For animal-lovers, there is "More Back-Yard Zoo," by Daniel P. Mannix (Coward-McCann: $2), and for naturalists "Strange Sea Shells and Their Stories," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Putnam: $3). "Fun in Bed for Children" from Simon and Schuster ($1.75) should be a fine first-aid to cheerful convalescence!

Picture Books

What of the small fry? There are picture books galore! One of the best nonsense stories is Norman Lindsay's "The Magic Pudding" (Farrar & Rinehart: $1.50), by an Australian who can both write and illustrate. This is really quite choice. Other picture books also feature animals. Among the best are Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Fierce-Face" (E. P. Dutton: $1.50), the story of a tiger, with beautiful illustrations by Dorothy Parsons Lathrop; Munro Leaf and Robert Lawson's incomparable story of the bull, Ferdinand (Viking: $1)—and don't miss Munro Leaf's original primer, "Manners Can be Fun" (Stokes: $1.25); Lois Donaldson and Mathilde Ritter's "In the Mouse's House" (Albert Whitman: $1.00) and Marjorie Flack's engagingly pinguid penguins in "Willy Nilly" (Macmillan: $1). The Oxford University Press has two delightful picture books in "Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain" (Oxford University Press: $2) and "Miss Carlotta" (Oxford University Press: $1.25). The story of a doll in "Victoria Josephine," by Margaret and Mary Baker (Dodd, Mead: $1.50), has first-rate silhouettes. The text of "The Hog Goes Downstream" (Harcourt, Brace: $1.50) is very nice indeed, and my old *St. Nicholas* favorite, Fanny Y. Cory, writes such saliently-illustrated rhymes as this in "Little Me" (Dutton: $1)

I swallowed an apple seed just now!
And if it sprouts in my insides
I'll be my mother's "darling child"
And an apple tree besides.

Paul Brown, expert in the drawing of horses, has made very vivid "War Paint: an Indian Pony" (Scribners: $2), Agnes and Dorathea Kovalevsky have contributed gorgeously childish colored drawings to M. D. Hillyard's "The Exciting Family" (Coward-McCann: $1.75), Patricia Lynch's Irish story, "The Donkey Goes Visiting," with George Altendorf's illustrations (from Dutton: $2), has decided charm, and Lois Lenski proves her remarkable versatility in "Phebe Fairchild: Her Book," life in Connecticut in 1830, (Stokes: $2) and her illustrated Mother Goose (Harpers: $1.50).

"The Story of Freginald" by Walter R. Brooks (Knopf: $2) illustrated by Kurt Wiese (who has done a great deal of drawing this season) is about a most diverting bear who joined the circus—a full-length story. From David McKay of Philadelphia you can get the creations of the Walt Disney studios; and the famous painter Grant Wood has illustrated Madeline Darrough Horn's "Farm on the Hill" for young children.

Hendrik Van Loon, in his own inimitable way, has illustrated a book of young people's song favorites (music given), "The Songs We Sing" ($1), for Simon & Schuster; and a longer fantastic story, "The Golden Basket," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking: $2) is most original. To close this necessarily condensed appraisal, I may remark that another Van Doren has now entered the lists! Margaret Van Doren illustrates Martin Gale's "One Summer" (Viking: $1.75), the author being a fifteen-year-old girl who wrote this tale of a summer vacation because she wanted to buy a horse!

Since modesty prevents Mr. Benét from noting among the new books for "small fry" that old book that is perennially young which he has edited, we append a note to record the Heritage Press edition of "Mother Goose" ($3.75). Here to the accompaniment of gay color illustrations and spirited pictures in black and white are over three hundred verses, with a preface and supplement by Mr. Benét.

Grown-ups

By Dorothy E. Reid

Grown-ups' faces
  Are so far
From the place
  Where children are

That you almost
  Never see
What they're like
  Above the knee.

When they laugh
  It's up above
Things that children
  Know and love,

But when they cry
  They sit or kneel.—
We understand
  The way they feel!

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Books for the Older Young

By AMY LOVEMAN

IT is always a moot question at what point the reading of children should go over from that of the books specifically written for them to that of adult literature, and it must always remain an indeterminate one since it must vary always with the maturity or precocity of the individual child reader. It is fairly safe to say, however, that for the boy or girl of average intelligence who is in the early teens it is possible with judicious selection to cull from the general lists at any time a number of works intended for their elders that are likely to prove of interest to the younger public. I am attempting here so to select from the current grist of books.

Margaret Mitchell's ubiquitous "Gone with the Wind" (Macmillan), with its graphic portrayal of the gathering, breaking, and raging of the Civil War in Georgia, with its vivid individual episodes and interesting story ought to present no difficulties at an age when length of narrative is itself a merit. Walter D. Edmonds's "Drums Along the Mohawk" (Little, Brown) and Roger Burlingame's "Three Bags Full" (Harcourt, Brace), both novels of the Revolution and both taking upper New York State for background; MacKinlay Kantor's "Arouse and Beware!" (Coward-McCann), like Miss Mitchell's book a tale of the Civil War; Honoré Morrow's "Let the King Beware!" (Morrow), which depicts Benjamin Franklin at the court of George III in the winter of 1774-1775, and Iris Morley's "The Proud Paladin" (Morrow), a fourteenth century romance in the modern manner—these are all historical novels which ought to hold the young absorbed in the record of an older day.

So much for fiction. If they are interested in biography the young people will find books to hold their attention in Edith Sitwell's "Victoria of England" (Houghton Mifflin), V. Sackville West's "Saint Joan of Arc" (Doubleday, Doran), and Dr. Victor Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey" (Norton), a chronicle of experience full of variety, interest, and color.

The young person whose inclinations are for the out-of-doors ought to find food for his interest in the biography of Audubon (Harcourt, Brace), by Constance Rourke and in Donald Culross Peattie's "Green Laurels" (Simon & Schuster), a collection of sketches of the great naturalists. He would probably delight also in Henry Williamson's portrayal of deep-sea life in "Salar the Salmon" (Little, Brown) and in Gustav Eckstein's depiction of the antics of which birds are capable in "Canary" (Harpers), and no doubt would find in narratives of travel much that would have special appeal for him. Thus "Three Wheeling through Africa" (Bobbs-Merrill), the account of a motorcycle trip made by James C. Wilson and a companion; and the late R. B. Cunninghame-Graham's "Rodeo" (Doubleday, Doran) which contains selections from his spirited chronicles of travels in various lands, should be full of fascination for the boy or girl.

HERE COMES THE
HARPER
BOOK PARADE

MITTENS By Clare Turlay Newberry

Our parade properly begins with Mittens himself. His book is filled with pictures of him just as adorable as this. "A book that all true cat lovers will recognize instantly as a book that they must own and gloat over in private." Lena Barksdale in Publishers Weekly, official organ of the American book trade. $1.50.

PLOUF, The Little Wild Duck, By Lida

Second in line is Plouf, a giddy little duck who is the hero of an enchanting book in the famous Père Castor series, translated from the French by Georges Duplaix, and illustrated in five colors by Rojankovsky. Ages 4 to 8. $1.00

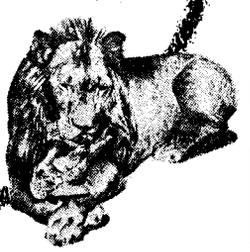
A STAR FOR HANSI
By Marguerite Vance

And here is Sophie, delivering Hansi's Christmas star as fast as ever she can. This is a charming story of the Black Forest, illustrated in three colors by Grace Paull. Ages 6 to 10. $1.00

SHIPS ALOFT By Clayton Knight and Harold Platt

A construction book of airplanes—the China Clipper, Navy pursuit planes, and others, to be put together in relief against brilliant backgrounds. Ages 10 and up. $2.50

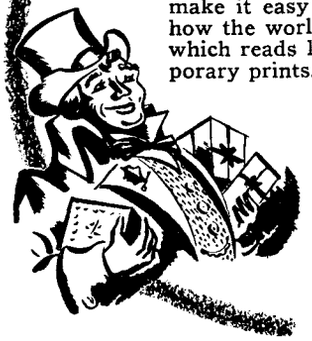
LIONS By W. W. Robinson



The authors of "Elephants" turn to the King of Beasts in this gorgeous book, illustrated with lithographs by Irene Robinson. Ages 8 to 12. $1.75

MAN'S WORLDLY GOODS
The Story of the Wealth of Nations
By Leo Huberman

This is a vigorously written condensation that will make it easy for those in their teens to understand how the world has earned its living. This history—which reads like a story—is illustrated with contemporary prints. Ages 12 and up. $2.50



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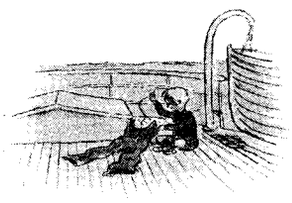

LITTLE TIM AND
THE BRAVE SEA CAPTAIN

By Edward Ardizzone

WE planned this book for small boys and girls, and how they love it! But it keeps the small boys and girls very busy trying to re-claim it from their older brothers' and sisters' book-shelves, or from the living room table. The whole family loves *Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain!* $2.00

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The Christmas HORN BOOK

in which begins
THE THREE OWLS NOTEBOOK
by Anne Carroll Moore
Ready, November 10

A required issue for everyone connected with Books for Young People. It features a paper by Eric Kelly on "What is Christmas?"; an article on Christmas Stories, by Mary Gould Davis; a unique survey of Christmas in Books by Anne T. Eaton; a special article by Marguerite Mitchell reviewing the new Foreign Picture Books, and the story of how Mrs. Bannerman was persuaded to write "Sambo and the Twins," by Horace W. Stokes. *ALSO* a 24-page booklist, illustrated, and a new Christmas Carol (words and music) published here for the first time. Send this advertisement and 50 cents now for your copy *or send* $1.00 *for a trial subscription of three issues* (for new subscribers only). Price for the year (*six issues*) $2.50. Address

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Royal Roads to Knowledge

CHILDCRAFT, with Art Book and Guide. Chicago: W. F. Quarrie & Company. 6 vols. $39.90.

NEW CHAMPLIN CYCLOPEDIA FOR YOUNG FOLKS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1936. $28 the set. $5 a volume.

Reviewed by MAY WOOD WIGGINTON

SERIOUS book agents at the door are always offering royal roads to knowledge, and publishers of subscription sets are perennially optimistic that at last they have found such primrose paths. W. F. Quarrie and Company, publishers of the admirable "World Book Encyclopedia," now offer "Childcraft" in which one may find everything needed for the rearing of the young. One can think of no problem of child training that is not touched upon in these books, touched upon concisely, in a manner easy to read, so that the perplexed parent or teacher can soon pass on to other topics.

There are two editions, one for mothers and one for teachers, each offering the same three volumes of poems and stories for children and the same Art Book and Guide. The teachers also receive three volumes called "Teachers' Problems," "Better Teaching," and "Activity Units." For the mothers there are three volumes called "The Child at Home," "The Child at School," and "The Child at Play." All are bound in the durable and shiny fabricoid so familiar to purchasers of sets, and all are printed in large type and illustrated in a manner reminiscent of our primers.

The three anthologies which come with both editions contain nursery and Mother Goose rhymes, a good selection of poems for little children, a stimulating group of poems written by children, and fairy and folk and other short stories. There are also selections from standard books for children, including regrettably some selections from books children should know in their entirety. These are good anthologies, well edited, but it is always lamentable when ten pages or so are given from some good book, and teasers to children seem particularly tantalizing. It is strange how all seekers after a royal road think that culture and knowledge of literature can be secured by the reading of extracts.

The mothers' volumes present sound and easily understood suggestions for the physical and mental care of babies and young children. They should lead to a sympathetic understanding of school aims and problems and to a better coöperation between parent and teacher. They contain excellent short articles by the best authorities on child training and suggest practical solutions to problems of character education and habit formation. There are helpful bibliographies and questions. The simple, straightforward, and condensed style meets the needs of mothers looking for help on club programs. But, for the mother with a difficult home problem on her hands, the information although helpful is too thin, particularly when one considers the high price per volume.

The last three volumes of the Teachers' Edition offer an excellent survey of modern and progressive education. The articles are by well known leaders in the field of education and are practical and up to date. The activity projects particularly should be helpful to older teachers trying to adapt themselves to new methods and to rural teachers who have only themselves to depend on for ideas and ways of using materials. In fact the entire set suggests by its comprehensive inclusion that it is planned for rural areas where no other books are available.

"Champlin's Cyclopedias for Young Folks" have been standbys in children's libraries since John D. Champlin published the first "Young Folks' Cyclopedia of Common Things" in 1879, and have seen many children through grade school and high school. These new editions are strongly bound and well illustrated with some 4,000 half tones and 1,000 line cuts and maps. The style is interesting, simple, and readable and pronunciation of proper and difficult terms is given.

Volume I, "Persons," is a biographical dictionary containing about 4,000 short biographies, illustrated with portraits, some of them from paintings of the great masters. The sketches are satisfactory and include a sufficient number of famous people now living. All times and all countries are represented and the selection of entries for school use is to be commended. Into the concise accounts has been woven an unusual amount of evaluation so that we do not have a collection of eulogies, but an understanding of each person and of his contribution to the world.

"Places and Events," (Vol. II) is a handbook of history and geography. Places include brief descriptions of countries and cities and buildings and institutions. Events include historical and current subjects and political and commercial movements.

"Literature, Art and Mythology" is probably, on the whole, the most useful of all these handbooks. It, like the others, is an alphabetical dictionary whose articles vary from a few lines to a few columns. It includes characters in literature, authors and their works, the stories and plots of operas, novels, and poems, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, Bible stories, and mythological characters and legends. The stories and plots are too short to serve as a substitute for reading a book as many children would like them to do, but are useful in identifying and recalling opera or story. A wealth of mythological and legendary characters is included. These are very hard to find in concise presentation for children, and this alone makes this volume a boon to teachers and librarians.

"Plants and Animals" is exceedingly useful in supplementing school nature-study courses. The material presented is interesting and can be found under specific rather than general headings and under common rather than scientific names, although scientific names are usually given. There are references from local and little known names.

The two volumes called "Science and

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Invention" are altogether new and different from the old "Young Folks' Cyclopedia of Common Things." In 1879, science and invention needed very little space in a popular handbook. Perhaps it is the generation of young folks that is new and different. New and different things are now common in the world. A survey of the two volumes emphasizes the rapid development of scientific knowledge and its international aspect. It makes us realize how moving and revolutionary technology and machinery are. The diagrams of mechanical devices are exceptionally good. Minerals and their relationships, and the elements and their compounds are particularly well handled for young people. Such natural sciences as physiology, astronomy, meteorology, and chemistry, are included, as well as military art, forestry, bookbinding, fingerprinting, plumbing, medicine, and mathematics.

All of these volumes make a series of admirable handbooks for young people and for adults who need a simple and concise presentation of subjects in which they are interested. They can be bought separately, and as separate handbooks they fill many needs. Their shortcoming is that they are quite unconnected except that there are occasional references from one volume to another. When we look at the series as an encyclopedia, we find faults not seen when we examined each volume separately. It is reasonable that "Science and Invention" should treat Index as a mathematical symbol and that "Literature, Art and Mythology" should define it as a catalogue of books in the Roman Catholic Church. But it is unreasonable in a general children's encyclopedia that the entry should be found in two places and that nowhere can be found the more everyday use of the word as a part of a book or as a technique of book indexing. There are references from one volume to another, but in the case of Index cited above, there are no such references. Such examples can be multiplied.

When we look under Electrons, we are referred to Crusts. There is no entry under Crusts. Electrons are described under Cosmic Rays, as are Protons, but there are no references under either word to lead searchers to the article. Few children would guess that information about Incandescent Lamps can be found in the article on Electric Light, and there are no references to help them. The article Geology contains material on Geophysics, but there is neither a reference nor an entry under Geophysics.

Such faults are more apparent in "Science and Invention," perhaps because it is new and has not had the recurring revisions of those handbooks that have gone through several editions. But the same faults can be found when we consider the other volumes as part of a general and supposedly complete encyclopedia.

There is too much duplication particularly for a small encyclopedia. The cathedral of Chartres, the temple of Karnak, and other buildings are described with pictures in both "Places and Events" and in "Literature, Art and Mythology."

May Wood Wigginton is assistant librarian of the Denver Public Library.

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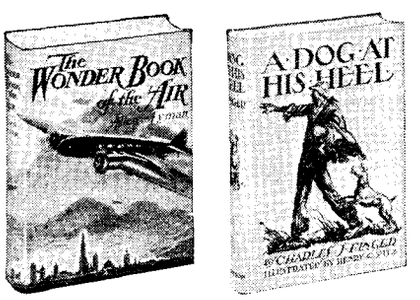

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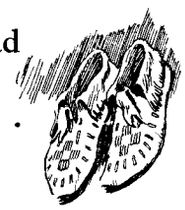

. . . until the white man sold them to him

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For a Girl Between Six and Eight

H. W. S. of Springfield, Ill., asks for a list of books suitable to be read to a girl between the ages of six and eight.

I CAN still remember the joy with which at that age I listened to the UNCLE REMUS stories (Appleton-Century), and cannot conceive of any youngster who would not be delighted by their dialect and their content. Nor can I imagine a child failing to demand Kipling's JUST SO STORIES (Doubleday, Doran) over and over again, or ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND (Macmillan), with the Tenniel illustrations, of course, to be pored over when there is no older person about to read aloud Lewis Carroll's text (if it still needs reading aloud), or Charles Carryl's DAVY AND THE GOBLIN (Houghton Mifflin), or Stevenson's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES (Scribners). There's an excellent collection of fairy and folk tales, myths and legends, drawn from all lands, by Horace E. Scudder, entitled THE CHILDREN'S BOOK (Houghton Mifflin), which is a veritable treasure house for the imaginative child, and there's a delightful compendium by Walter de la Mare, TOLD AGAIN (Knopf), in which the author has embroidered to suit himself some of the old tales. If the youngsters want to hear of other children at their work and play there are such books to read to them as THE SNOW BABY (Stokes), by Josephine Diebitsch Peary, which recounts the experiences of her baby daughter in the Arctic, A LITTLE GIRL OF LONG AGO (Houghton Mifflin), by Eliza Orne White, *Pinocchio* (Ginn), by C. Collodi, a favorite of long standing, Lucy Fitch Perkins's THE LITTLE DUTCH TWINS (Houghton Mifflin), and Kurt Wiese's LIANG AND LO (Doubleday, Doran), which conducts its business in China and adds an elephant to its human characters for good measure. The children who enjoy these tales of foreign parts would also doubtless rejoice in Mrs. Elizabeth Morrow's THE PAINTED PIG (Knopf), a charmingly told and illustrated tale of Mexico. And since at seven or eight they are ready to be interested in the past and crave information as to places they have not seen it ought to be easy to entertain them with history as it is presented in THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY (Putnam), by E. Boyd Smith, or THE SHORT HISTORY OF DISCOVERY (McKay), by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Charles Eastman's WIGWAM EVENINGS (Little, Brown), Carl Sandburg's ROOTABAGA STORIES (Harcourt, Brace), and Elizabeth De Huff's TAYTAY'S TALES (Harcourt, Brace) are other books that should hold them in thrall. And I mustn't forget that modern favorite of another kind, A. A. Milne's WINNIE-THE-POOH (Dutton), nor such collections of verse as Walter de la Mare's selections from his own poetry entitled SONGS OF CHILDHOOD (Longmans, Green), and Louis Untermeyer's anthology THIS SINGING WORLD FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN (Harcourt, Brace).

Story Parade

The mention of Walter de la Mare puts me in mind of the fact that a year ago I mentioned in these columns the inception of a monthly for children entitled STORY PARADE. The magazine is now celebrating its first birthday and is announcing not only a bigger and better magazine but a volume shortly to be issued containing the best that appeared in the pages of the periodical in the past twelve months. It is to include tales, verse, and pictures, and to be headed by Walter de la Mare's "Mr. Bumps and His Monkey."

A Correction

I want to make a correction here of a statement I made recently in regard to a study of Audubon by Donald Culross Peattie. GREEN LAURELS to which I referred is a volume on the great naturalists with one chapter on Audubon. But Mr. Peattie has also written a book entirely devoted to Audubon. This is an appreciation, not a biography, entitled SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS (Putnams). I am glad to have this opportunity of mentioning Mr. Peattie's work again, for it makes interesting reading.

"Mavourneen"

Anna Lee McBride of Portland, Oregon, in response to the request of M. R. of Ocean Park, Calif., printed in *The Saturday Review* of June 16, 1936, for the words to "Mavourneen" sends them in from memory as follows:

Oh the time is long, Mavourneen
Till you come again, oh, Mavourneen,
And the months are slow to pass
Mavourneen
Till I hold you in my arms oh,
Mavourneen.
Shall I see thine eyes, Mavourneen
Like hazel buds, oh, Mavourneen
Shall I touch thy dusk hair
Mavourneen
With its shimmerin' glint o' gold, oh,
Mavourneen?

My love for thee, Mavourneen
Is a bitter pain, oh, Mavourneen
Keep your heart aye true to me,
Mavourneen
I should die, but for thy love, oh,
Mavourneen.

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Aftermath from a Thames-side Meadow

WILLIAM MORRIS, ARTIST, WRITER, SOCIALIST. By May Morris. With an introduction by George Bernard Shaw. Oxford: Blackwell. 1936. 2 *vols.*

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

THE vitality of the Morris saga is remarkable. A considerable stream of writings about him have appeared in the past forty years, the centenary of his birth last year bringing forth some excellent books. He himself was a prolific writer who had the good fortune of ready access to newspapers, magazines, and the printing-press so that there were few posthumous writings. These two large volumes by his daughter add little to his fame, and detract nothing at all from it.

The first volume deals with Morris as an artist, a writer, and a craftsman, the activities of his youth and early manhood. This is all interesting in its way, but it has been told many times, and a faint suggestion of mustiness hangs about it. Out of Rosetti's saturnine clutch, and into the business of Morris & Co. (that band of devoted and enthusiastic young men whom Morris led into the plush-and-horsehair drawing rooms of Victorian England as to a crusade) the story, as always, begins to pick up in interest. Miss Morris has told the story well, if a bit at too great length, but we find the purpose and meaning of Morris's fury of activity in the half hundred essays which follow, reprinted from the scattered books and journals where they lie. The valiant efforts of the "Anti-Scrape" Society, the wrath at the "Vulgarization of Oxford," the horror of the tombs in Westminster Abbey, the love and understanding of medieval craftsmanship, the deep reverence for old England, the respect for Man, are all here in stout, straightforward English prose.

Chapters on Morris as a writer follow, perhaps the most interesting portion of Miss Morris's contribution. A few of his letters close the volume. Four pictures, of which Burne-Jones's drawing of "Mr. Morris Reading Poems to Mr. Burne-Jones" is the best, are included.

The second volume is devoted to Morris as a socialist, and completes the portrait of a life not static but a spiral progression around a central core of sound British common sense. Mr. Shaw's "Morris as I Knew Him" is a tribute of no mean sort. Shaw was the younger and he did not see eye to eye with Morris (the former went into the Fabian Society while the latter was interested in more energetic action), but he was deeply impressed and greatly influenced by the thoroughly civilized basis of Morris's socialism. His account is humorous, kind, and vivid. It preludes the reprint of politico-social essays which follow, essays which contain the essence of his two masterpieces, "John Ball" and "News from Nowhere."

"The world is very evil, the times are waxing late." What Morris fought for, and it is all set forth in these two volumes, seems, in the present murk, to have been vain then and valueless now. Is one permitted to think of fine workmanship with fine materials when there is a five-and-ten-cent store round the corner? Can there be peace and a lovely world when a whole nation wears gas masks? Can one pit the arts and crafts ideal against the steel cartel and the automobile assembly line? Well, rather! One *has* to if only for sanity's sake. The world cannot be saved by violence, nor man live in chaos. When decorum returns to the world, Morris will stand out as a major prophet of the "days that shall be better than well."

Victorian Girlhood

A LONDON GIRL OF THE 80's. By M. Vivian Hughes. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $3.

THE disarmingly confidential manner in which Mrs. Hughes continues the trilogy depicting her girlhood in late Victorian London makes this book interesting and charming. On the surface, the life it records seems singularly uneventful, even more than a little dull. But against a drab background there are bright bits of patchwork, supplied chiefly by Molly's own personality, never quite molded into the pattern of decorum set by the royal household.

This book, the third stage of the journey, takes Molly from a small private school to the North London Collegiate, a formidable institution presided over by Miss Buss, a pioneer in the higher education of women. After the North London Collegiate Molly was recommended by Miss Buss to the Teachers Training College at Cambridge and there she lived for two years, glorying in what seemed complete emancipation, discussing everything under the sun, and discovering what was a novelty to women of her generation, the possibilities of companionship and of solitude. The end of the Cambridge era was a little sad. Certainly it ends the more sprightly section of the book. After that Molly's life falls into a pleasant chronicle of a contented domesticity, of holidays in Wales and Cornwall and Yorkshire, of happy companionship with her mother and her husband.

It is a quiet book and will delight some readers as much as it will bore others. Mrs. Hughes enjoys telling her story, and she communicates this enjoyment, to this reader at any rate.

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The New Books

Biography

THE MAGNIFICENT MONTEZ. From Courtesan to Convert. By Horace Wyndham. Hillman, Curl. 1936. $3.

Nothing that is written about Lola Montez could be uninteresting—or important. Like an octopus, the erratic beauty concealed the truth about herself in pools of ink, and every biographer returns from his quest blackened by the fluid. Mr. Wyndham, who wrote a chapter on the lady some seven years ago, in his book, "Feminine Frailty," now expands it into a generously illustrated volume; he brings little that is new, although he journeyed far to discover fresh data. He does correct the notion that young Heald, whom Lola married in London, died of drowning. For the rest, he amplifies material already at hand. The book is done in a readable, journalistic style.

I. G.

AND I'D DO IT AGAIN. By Aimée Crocker. Coward-McCann. 1936. $3.

LIFE WAS LIKE THAT. By Mary Doyle. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $2.75.

SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF. By Comtesse de Chambrun. Scribners. 1936. $3.75.

Here are autobiographies of three American women, alike only in that they reflect fragments of the same time,—the past of thirty years or more ago. In Aimée Crocker's (Princess Galitzine's) reminiscences, there is really very little of an external picture, but rather the vivid and curious depiction of a state of mind. It is the portrait of a woman as she would like to be seen, as she sees herself through the mists of memory, a heroine of dream and wish-fulfilment. It is a book where romance is pushed almost to the extremity of burlesque. Aimée Crocker, with her nostalgia for the primitive, and her scorn of convention, would have fitted perfectly into the post-war generation, would have been conventional, in fact, and have passed unnoticed; it was her fortune to be young in the late nineteenth century when adventures far less astounding than those she recounts could outrage the respectable. The book gives the impression of a fantasy, of something altogether remote from reality, where facts glitter and change in the stage-light of a woman's imagination.

Mary Doyle, an able reporter, tells a story of a different kind. It has often made a novel, this story of the young girl who rises step by step to success, but very few novels turn out so originally, or so satisfactorily, as "Life Was Like That." With a great deal of humor and an admirable impersonality, Mary Doyle tells how she came to be one of the star reporters on the *World*. She can write about anything and make it diverting, but the pages about the *World*, and her work for it, make the book worth while, and the reader is left with a vivid memory of the ardor and devotion one newspaper could evoke. Moreover, Mary Doyle has some really good stories to tell.

Of more substance, since she touches the great world and certain vital moments of history, Madame de Chambrun's (Clara Longworth's) "Shadows Like Myself" is interesting as a document. Madame de Chambrun is historically-minded and one feels certain of the sober truth of her record. She tells the story of her life well and agreeably, makes her childhood in Cincinnati, her marriage to the Comte de Chambrun, her life in France, interesting to us, and comments shrewdly on the differences between French and American character. Her strength, however, lies not in reflection or philosophical comment but in her narrative gift. The chief value of the book is in the swift, clear-cut account of the first days of the Great War. At the time of its outbreak, the Chambruns were living in St. Mihiel, and Mme. de Chambrun gives us a story of the war seen from an unusual angle. The third section, "Banners in Action," has a unity and movement that distinguish it from the rest of the book, and remains, along with certain letters of the Comte de Chambrun's, written during a Saharan expedition in 1898, vividly impressed on the reader's mind.

C. C.

Fiction

HONOURABLE ESTATE. By Vera Brittain. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Vera Brittain is a serious writer, and in a foreword she firmly states the purpose of her new book which "purports to show how the women's revolution—one of the greatest in all history—combined with the struggle for other democratic ideals and the cataclysm of the war to alter the private destinies of individuals." It is a very serious novel, and covers the period 1890-1930.

The first section is concerned with Janet Rutherston, married at nineteen to a clergyman much older than herself. Disliking vicarage life and the vicar, disliking the son she had not wanted, disliking domesticity, passionately interested in politics and women's rights, she was thwarted by her husband's angry contempt for her proclivities towards militant suffrage, and died embittered at the age of forty-three. The second section (the best part of the book, strongly reminiscent of "Testament of Youth") is about the more conventional Alleyndene ménage and the Alleyndene daughter, Ruth, a nurse during the war, who had a brief, ecstatic love affair with an American soldier who was afterwards killed. The last section is the story of Ruth's marriage to Denis Rutherston, a happy marriage in an almost symbolic sense. Ruth is Janet's political heir. Denis has profited by the lessons of his parents and is anxious that Ruth shall not be prevented by maternity or domesticity from fulfilling herself in her political career. A less patient man than Denis might have found Ruth's preoccupation with her early love affair a thought trying when it persisted ten years and more after the event, but Denis was patient.

It must be reluctantly admitted that the author, a brilliant writer endowed with many literary gifts, does not number the

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novelist's gift among them. There was more emotional force to her autobiography than there is here, where it is sorely needed. Though one can never find fault with her superb use of the King's English or with the sincerity of her purpose, she largely fails in her achievement. The purpose of the book is to show the cruelty of woman's one time bondage and the struggles undergone to set her free. If this purpose succeeds we have to believe Janet Rutherston worth saving and mourn the cruelty of her lot. And Janet is very difficult to believe in at all.

The novel is written from a strongly feminist point of view;—a perfectly good point of view, of course, but even an ardent feminist may question the artistic validity of brisk, kind, women doctors, competent and unswerving in their devotion to duty, in unvarying contrast to coarse male doctors who are too careless to be on hand for difficult confinements and who are clumsy and inefficient to boot.

C. H. M.

FLY AWAY PAUL. By Victor Canning. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.

Mr. Canning's yarn is intended to be amusing but it is not particularly so. It is compounded of elements that could make an entertaining and slightly fantastic story, but they all seem slightly stale. Mr. Canning is a thoroughly competent novelist, he writes in a style which, though a little formal and stiff, could be called "workmanlike," and it must be admitted that he has done a neat carpentry job. He has also, apparently, taken great zest and pleasure in his hero's adventures. But, oddly enough, the zest and pleasure are never communicated to the reader. The cold, bright narrative goes on, full of ingenious turns and complications and hairbreadth escapes, and one is left quite uninterested; the laughable situations multiply, but one doesn't laugh; the innumerable, rather Dickensian, characters crowd thickly in the hero's path, but they never come really alive.

The story is based on the remarkable resemblance of a young man named Paul to a famous "crooner." They change places and from this hackneyed situation ensue the tangles that make the plot.

"Fly Away Paul" is a light novel without true lightness.

C. C.

FALCON ROAD. By Chris Massie. Longmans, Green. 1936. $2.50.

Mr. Massie's novel makes the fantasy work overtime, but lays no hold on the imagination. This is certainly the author's fault, but it would be pointless to abuse him. He, too, has worked himself almost to death. His story is a lengthy, a laudable, a highly insignificant study in madness; every page in it bears evidence of toil and there are very few which do not also bear evidence of talent. But, having neither transcended nor evaded reality, being neither imaginative nor fantastic, it has come to ground in those regions of literature which we sometimes call macabre, though we ought to call them muddy.

Corney Human, pawnbroker, of Fal-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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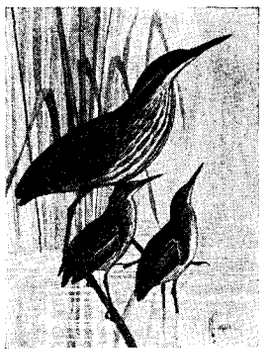

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Pursuit of Children's Books

ONE reason why stamp collectors outnumber book collectors in the ratio of perhaps a thousand to one is that stamp collectors are caught young. A boy of ten who did not collect stamps would be as monstrous a *lusus naturae* as a boy of ten who did collect books. There are book collectors who are on the southern exposure of twenty-one, most of them college undergraduates, some of them sub-sub-freshmen, but most book collectors are born fully and undeniably, if regrettably, adult.

Much book collecting operates by contrasts. Men who have never been to sea absorb salinity from their library shelves. Men who have never been horsed, let alone unhorsed, become avid acquirers of the literature of the chase. Men who could not be dragged through an abattoir pay gladly and handsomely for any scrap of print about werewolves. By the same token, children's books have always exercised a powerful appeal on the mature collector, and never has the tide run so strongly as it does today.

The crown jewels of juvenilia—"The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver" (no one of them, admittedly, a child's book by birthright, but all of them now as definitely in that category as "The Rover Boys"), "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Tom Sawyer," and scores of others—have, of course, always been auction-room favorites, and are as secure in their eminence as the Shakespeare folios. Of recent years, however, the humbler juvenilia has begun to come strongly into its own. Early American children's books, with the early often running pretty late, occupy large divisions of the dealers' catalogues, and the number of catalogues devoted exclusively to children's books is increasing season by season. Horatio Alger, Jr., attains the dignity of catalogue citation along with Oliver Optic, James Otis, Edward S. Ellis, Kirk Munroe, Palmer Cox, and almost any other seasoned popular children's authors one might name.

The collector appeal of the children's book springs from two sources. The sturdiest foundation on which to construct a collecting edifice is sentiment—and no department of collectable literature has quite the abundance of sentimental appeal that inheres in juvenilia. The coldest heart warms to it. Iron visages which inspect unmoved the noblest incunabulum melt at sight of a first "Little Women" with those terrible drawings by May Alcott. Hard-skulled and lock-pocketed men of affairs break down and turn spendthrift on confrontation with a copy of Sarah Josepha Hale's "Poems for Our Children" enshrining the first book appearance of "Mary's Lamb." The finest collections of Lewis Carroll of our day have graced (or still grace) the respective bookshelves of the president of a talking-machine company, the head of a large glass manufactory, an investment broker, and two advertising executives.

The children's book, moreover, is endowed with the aura and aroma of familiarity. One is perpetually suspicious of certain manifestations of the acquisitive instinct—the collector's interest may not be wholly spurious, but the burden of proving that it is not seems to appertain peculiarly to him. Few, however, would have the temerity to question the authenticity of the emotion that impelled a pursuit of G. A. Henty. In a recent *Colophon* Henry Ford described how a casual recollection of the McGuffey Readers was quickened into true collector enthusiasm by a futile search among Mrs. Ford's old school texts for the source of "Hear the children gaily shout, 'Half past four and school is out!' "—a remarkable instance of the worthy doctor's editorial liberalism. The owner of a superlative Poe collection also admired, in an earlier day, the stories of Harry Castlemon, and now "Frank on a Gunboat" rubs shoulders with "Tamerlane" in one magnificently appointed and properly humidified library.

There is a wealth of bibliographical data concerning Poe and none about Harry Castlemon, which actually makes the hunt for Castlemons a much more exciting enterprise. The reason why bibliography passes the Castlemons by on the other side is not necessarily snootiness, but often the sheer appalling difficulty of assembling the essentials. Bibliography will get around to the Castlemons some day; it is already paying marked attention to older juvenilia, and it will not be long before its explorations bring it within the range of our own contemporaries. Modern firsts are largely a twentieth-century discovery; the pursuit (not necessarily by modern children) of modern children's books will not have to await the dawn of the twenty-first.

Forthcoming Sale

An Aztec manuscript in European characters, dated 1535 and thereby many years older than the earliest example of printing in the New World, will be sold at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries in New York, November 17th, in the first session of the dispersal of the library of Mrs. Milton E. Getz of Beverly Hills, California. The sale of the first part of the library will occupy the sessions of the 17th and 18th, and Part II, for which a separate catalogue is issued, will be dispersed November 24th and 25th. Also included in Part I are a folio Audubon's "Birds of America," an extensive collection of Bierce letters and books, Californiana, illuminated manuscripts, and a Kelmscott Chaucer.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 33)

con Road, South Hackney, is discovered to us as the mental torturer of his wife and daughter. His wife, having no sense of humor, goes mad and murders him with laudanum and a hatpin. (All this happens in the nineties, hence the hatpin). Her madness then takes the form of trying to efface herself by yielding up her will to her daughter and her daughter's husband, who—if you have followed Mr. Massie thus far, and his argument is far from unscientific—inevitably catch the contagion and begin to go mad themselves. The daughter's case is hopeless, but the husband, who has evidence to prove that the wrong person is in prison for the crime, evidence which he has suppressed with the best intentions, is in a fair way to be saved. And saved he is, by a Salvationist, a socialist, a prostitute, and an impossibly nice young brother, in a manner which is pretty close to being smug. This is unfortunate, for Mr. Massie is not a smug writer. He is extremely conscientious, he is extremely sincere, he takes no step in his narrative without explaining it very thoroughly. He knows his period, he knows his Hackney, and he has surrounded his tale with a great deal of circumstantial detail. But the harder he tries, the wearier one grows: he and his reader are hopelessly involved in an effort to give his characters an identity.

G. D.

AN OLD HEART GOES A-JOURNEYING. By Hans Fallada. Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

This is a surprising book to come upon, and doubly surprising since it issues from the pen of Hans Fallada, author of at least two realistic and bitter novels of the depression. Here we have quite another atmosphere, the light-hearted, romantic atmosphere of fable. We are concerned, briefly, with the pilgrimage of a certain sweet-spirited Professor Kittguss of Berlin, who goes to the assistance of his beleaguered godchild, Rosemarie, and rescues her from cruel servitude to a villainous farmer, Paul Schlieker. Anything might be made of such a story, of course, but in this instance Fallada has chosen to try his hand at pastoral legend, and most successfully. Change the names to Professor Conscience, Rosemarie Faith, and Paul Evilheart, and you will have one of the old Moralities, simply and charmingly done, and aimed at the hearts of children.

There remains one jarring thought to be confessed, for this otherwise timeless and universal fable of virtue rewarded is placed in Berlin, 1912. Is there more here than meets the eye, and are we to regard the figures of the Professor, Rosemarie, Paul, as symbolic of larger oppressions, conflicts, rescues? I think we must put aside this wishful theory. The story is handled too gaily, too sweetly, to hold the burden of any extra weight, and its characters are too legendary in outline to be distinguished as contemporary. There seems no reason to doubt that this imaginative little tale is, for its own sake, the one Fallada wants to tell as he looks back to Berlin, 1912.

N. L. R.

RETURN OF A HEROINE. By Marguerite Steen. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. $2.50.

Fortunate in commanding two distinct manners, Miss Steen has employed the less flamboyant one in her new novel. After the violently romantic Spain of her "Matador" and "The Tavern," a lower middle class British setting may seem unpromising, but the author has been able to replace color with agreeably acid satire, and action with accurate depiction of character. Not that the history of her heroine is uneventful. Having hastened the death of her mother with poison when she was incurably ill, Phoebe Jordan was exploited by the press, and upon her release from prison returned to her Ascot Street home in an atmosphere of dramatic tension. Lauded by some for her action, she was censured by her family and by the neighbors. After a period of complete abasement, the girl begins to believe in the legend of her heroism. At this moment an eccentric spinster, seeking to escape from a domineering family, offers her an opportunity to escape from the misery of her Ascot Street existence. Phoebe willingly consents, and achieves a domineering influence over this woman of means and education. The rest of the book shows the effects of Phoebe's monumental selfishness upon her family, the devoted Miss Maunde, and the man who loves her.

A thoroughly unpleasant egocentric, Phoebe is nevertheless drawn from life,

(*Continued on next page*)

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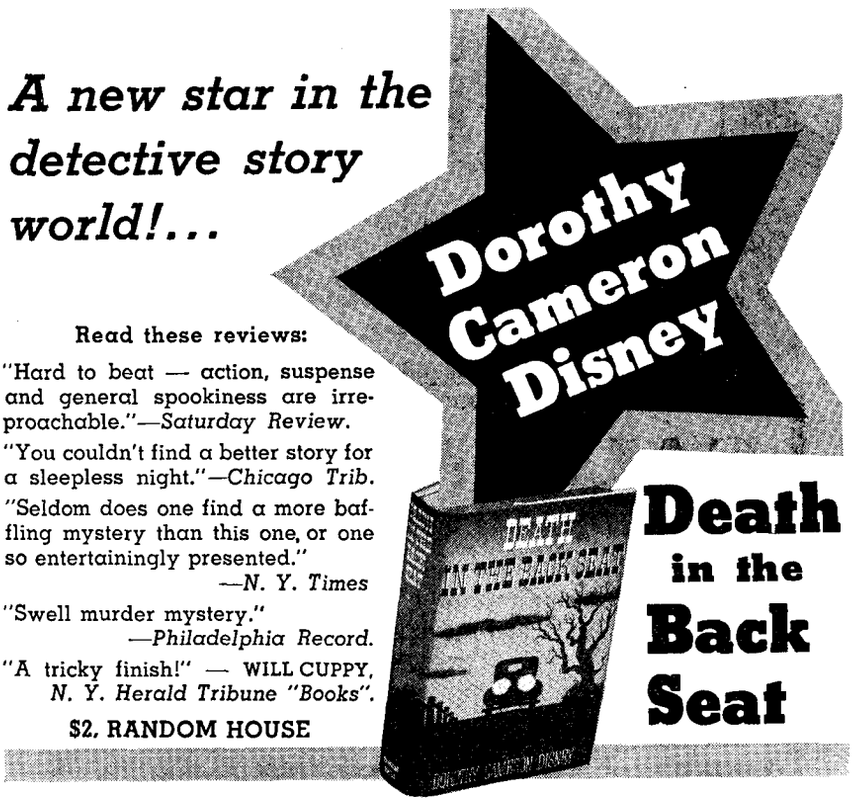
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CORPSE WITH THE FLOATING FOOT *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Old English mill, now an inn, houses strange guests, murdered man, and Mr. Tolefree—who explains all.	Considerable cackle before Mr. T. gets down to 'osses but its all shivery, erudite, and suavely baffling.	Excellent
SPIES AND INTRIGUES *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Three novels and a short-story sequence (965 pages) including that master opus, "The Great Impersonation."	Some of it "dates" a bit but, for readers with strong and tireless wrists, it's sure-fire entertainment.	Bargain!
MURDER AT THE MOTOR SHOW *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Middle aged British philanderer strangely slain at auto exhibit. Insp. Hanslet, aided by Dr. Priestley's wide knowledge, solves it.	Lethal weapon and murder method slightly unconvincing, even with the worthy Dr.'s documentation, but there's plenty of plot.	Competent
THE CROOKS' SHEPHERD *Selden Truss* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $2.)	French movie actor staging London comeback found poisoned. Insp. Field and Dupuy of Sureté have lovely time tracking killer.	Despite meaningless title and lumbering action, story is completely redeemed by inexhaustible exuberance of clever Gallic detective.	Good—but exasperating
THE DOVER TRAIN MYSTERY *Anthony Gilbert* (Dial Press: $2.)	Senator's wife stabbed and too talkative young playwright finds himself suspected of this and second murder. Desprit, he stalks killer.	Washington society background a bit thick and sleuthing somewhat helter-skelter but the plot is intricate and intriggin'.	Passable
SHUDDERING CASTLE *Wilbur Frawley* (Green Circle: $2.)	Rich and crack-brained scientist makes radio contact with Mars. A "Martian" arrives, followed by two murders.	Begins like a good "scientific" thriller. Subsequent events, however, reduce it to level of burlesque melodrama.	Bunk
THE AFFAIR OF THE MALACCA STICK *Charlton Andrews* (Washburn: $2.)	London criminal lawyer, with fingers in many nasty pies, found slain in peer's apt. Drexel Ware helps Yard to solution.	Almost too much merry badinage and racing around to suit analytical reader but it moves swiftly to surprising outcome.	More or less


A new star in the detective story world!...
Dorothy Cameron Disney
Death in the Back Seat
Read these reviews:
"Hard to beat — action, suspense and general spookiness are irreproachable."—Saturday Review.
"You couldn't find a better story for a sleepless night."—Chicago Trib.
"Seldom does one find a more baffling mystery than this one, or one so entertainingly presented."
—N. Y. Times
"Swell murder mystery."
—Philadelphia Record.
"A tricky finish!" — WILL CUPPY, N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books".
$2. RANDOM HOUSE

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and has been excellently studied by the author. Restraining her tendency to melodrama most of the time, Miss Steen has done a competent job, though for those accustomed to the more lurid heroines of our tabloids Phoebe Jordan may seem a little pallid. She is blighted with that peculiarly British consciousness of an obligation to be respectable at all times, even in crime, yet there can be no doubt that she exists and is highly characteristic of her background.

T. P., Jr.

Miscellaneous

BIRDS OF MINNESOTA. By Thomas S. Roberts. Second Revised Edition. Minneapolis, Minn.: University of Minnesota Press. 1936. $15.

These two volumes since their first publication in 1932 have become standard and provide what is probably the most useful survey of American bird life. Their excellence is due not merely to scientific exactitude. The colored plates, while lacking the beauty of Audubon's, are so done as to be most useful in the identification of birds. These plates are supplemented by excellent photographs not only of birds and their young but of nests and eggs. Furthermore, the descriptive text has far more about the behavior of birds than is customary in books of this kind. Indeed in this respect it would have mightily pleased Thoreau. Minnesota, as a region where East and West meet and also prairie and forest, is particularly rich in varieties of birds. If one first-rate guide to American ornithology is to go into a library, this is probably the best choice.

H. S. C.

Brief Mention

Mr. A. Frederick Collins in *The March of Chemistry* (Lippincott, $3) has endeavored to bring the ever-extending applications of chemistry up to date in a popular record which is helped by illustrations. * * * An interesting book which endeavors to make the past instead of the present intelligible is Marion Nicholl Rawson's *Handwrought Ancestors* (Dutton, $5). This volume, charmingly illustrated by drawings, is somewhat belied by its title. Actually it consists of a series of brief descriptive essays on the handicrafts, the shops, the household goods, and in general the everyday environment of our American ancestors. There is a great deal of curious knowledge in this volume and much that is fresh and new, for her attempt to restudy Colonial life from the point of view of the early American shops and those who work therein opens new points of view. This book is to be strongly recommended to librarians. ***A true and tragic story is Christopher Sykes's *Wassmuss* (Longmans, Green, $3.50). Wassmuss, who is described as the German Lawrence, endeavored to bring about for the German government in war time somewhat the same situation as, thanks to Lawrence, made Arabia a factor in the cause of the Allies. This is his story, a valuable study of Persia in tu-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK FAIR at Rockefeller Center continues to be the pride and pleasure of the local scene. Old Q slipped in surreptitiously the opening night, heard some entertaining speeches, and enjoyed the many and colorful exhibits. ☞He disagreed with only one idea: putting so large a mirror in the sample Literary Living Room. Most of us are such egotists that a large mirror would distract us from reading? ☞The attendance at the Book Fair has surprised even the promoters: in the first four days the total was 17,638—and one of these days was a half-day (Sunday). ☞This champion show has started off the season with fine enthusiasm.

☞June Cleveland, director of the Los Angeles Book Fair, (to open November 16 at the L. A. Public Library) writes in high spirits of their plans. The world-famous Huntington Library of San Marino has kindly offered to devote one day exclusively to Book Fair guests, and will bring out its most secluded treasures. Miss Cleveland says that Q's recent note in this column "is bringing in requests from all over the United States for copies of Helen Haines' introduction to *Living With Books*. Could you please insert in one of your issues this item? We are printing a limited number only of Miss Haines' brochure and if, after we have taken care of the local demand for the booklet, there are copies left over we shall be very pleased to send them to anyone who sends postage." ☞We hope June Cleveland won't mind our adding another quote from her letter:—"We will certainly put up the SATURDAY REVIEW where it can be seen. Since it is the most literate organ devoted to books in the United States I don't wonder that it has such a large circulation in and around Los Angeles."

☞We were much interested in a recent bulletin of the Los Angeles Public Library, noting the enormous area it serves. L. A. is, in physical extent, the largest city in the U. S. over 450 square miles. Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit could all be placed within the city limits of L. A. and leave 37 square miles surplus. ☞When the Denver Zephyr, the Burlington's new streamline train, was at Grand Central recently, Old Q. was amused by the names of the shining stainless steel cars. He noticed *Silver Flash, Silver Screen, Silver Skates, Silver Threads*, etc., and, excellent for the cocktail car, *Silver Lining*. Another possibility for the latter would have been *Silver Fizz*. Then there might be *Silver Cord*, and *Silver Tongue* (in memory of W. J. Bryan. The Denver Zephyr looks like good fun and good sense, and its lounge car would be a good place to read the *Saturday Review*.

☞Paul Rossetter, in Marshall Field's book section, Chicago, tells us they've dug up some rare Jules Vernes, in fact Old Q. (who thought he knew his Verne) has never heard of them. Among others are *Godfrey Morgan: A California Mystery, The Child of the Cavern*, and *Keraban the Inflexible*. These were published in London by Sampson Low, and we agree with Paul that they are a find for any Verne enthusiasts. ☞Top of the Christmas list for juveniles should go the Heritage Press *Mother Goose* (edited by William Rose Benét, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin), a big and gaily pictured volume at $3.75, and *Ships Aloft, A Construction Book for Future Flyers*, by Clayton Knight and Harold Platt (Harpers, $2.50), a wonderful album of superbly lithographed scale cut-out plans of the latest types of planes. These fine pictures make the fingers itch for scissors and glue; they will keep many a youngster long past bedtime.

☞The Heritage Press humorously says of its books "They are *guaranteed* to last for two centuries, and every purchaser may bring his copy back if this statement proves untrue." ☞Old Q. couldn't help wondering why the Heritage catalogue, intended to prove what handsome books we're making over here, was printed in England at the Curwen Press. ☞But ponders: here's the Bodley Book Shop, 104 Fifth Avenue, tantalizing us with "The Rare Secret Log of the U. S. Gunboat *Gloucester*," privately printed by the Naval Institute in 1899, only 25 copies "containing unreprintable naval material." ☞What happened aboard the *Gloucester* that dassn't be mentioned?

☞Governor Alf Landon was always photographed, in the early days of the 1936 campaign, reading a book about Lincoln. ☞Wonder where he got it? Maybe at the amusing little shop in Topeka called The Book Den, in the 900 block on Kansas Avenue. ☞Sam Nock, our special correspondent for Topeka, says that Verna Wear and Bernece Pirrdle do a nice business in the Book Den, both by sale and rent. ☞Cliff Gessler, in San Francisco, is doing a book about Honolulu for the Appleton-Century series of American Cities. ☞Our Roving Reporter L. G. says that the Sleepy Hollow Bookshop, 70 Irving Place, is very wide awake. The remarkable library of the late Oliver Herford is now on sale there (until November 14), and on November 16 Edgar Lee Masters will be on hand (3 to 6 p.m.) to sign his books.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 137)

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT—"EMERSON"

Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend: . . .
Given to rare thought and to good learning bent;
Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled;
Permit me, then, thus honored, still to be
A scholar in thy university.

BORZOI BOOKS

A. E. Housman's MORE POEMS

"A triumph of brevities, though Housman's poetic triumph will not prove brief . . . No poet has ever stamped his own personality more indelibly on his verse . . . this book should be bought and read". —William Rose Benét in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. $2.00

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

ALFRED A. KNOPF

The Gift Book of the season

The Golden Age of American Sculpture

by Loring Holmes Dodd

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

The delightful story of the sculpture and sculptors who made America supreme in a great art

$3

CHAPMAN AND GRIMES, PUBLISHERS
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Why don't we behave like human beings?

SO YOU'RE GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST

By Dr. Elizabeth I. Adamson

The book that explains psychiatry, $2.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York

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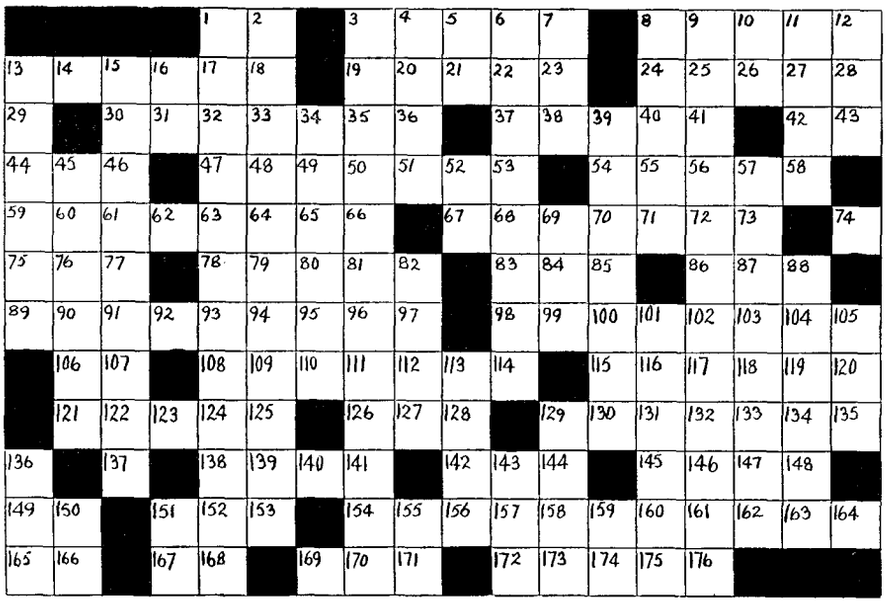
Double-Crostics: No. 138

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double - Crostic* will be found on page 37 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. A tribe in "The Jungle Book."

II. German author (pseud. "Jean Paul") (1763-1825).

III. Machine for making topographical maps.

IV. Treatment of illness without drugs.

V. Vessel similar to a yawl.

VI. Somewhat keen.

VII. Boxing.

VIII. Emollient.

IX. European capital.

X. Novel by Scott.

XI. To ensnare..

XII. Art of expressive speech or writing.

XIII. Unsuitable.

XIV. Novel by Swinnerton.

XV. Aspect.

XVI. Famous mosque in Jerusalem.

XVII. Extremely hard substance.

XVIII. Husband of Semiramis.

XIX. Oust.

XX. Caprices.

XXI. Mischievous, tricksy.

XXII. A wise counsellor (Gr.).

XXIII. Ibsen drama.

XXIV. River in France.

XXV. To attach, as a label, etc.

XXVI. Snare.

XXVII. Render intelligible.

WORDS

145 142 128 176 137 58 70 139 120

113 17 135 170 86 153 7

146 125 167 34 140 13 100 152

84 130 19 87 32 79 45 169 38 148

81 88 121 66 55

162 35 96 44 129 6 78 122

168 40 50 111 22 9 33 83 67 63

29 171 134 57 110 124 132 93

155 114 97 80

127 48 117 56 85 108 39 77

123 143 37 52 149 12

41 31 112 3 43 14 27 158

51 90 164 18 64

150 173 26 54 101 23 72 5

73 89 62 8 21

126 42 59 98

138 46 133 163 61

2 118 53 161 95

136 92 159 105 30

172 16 1 141 157

68 175 107 65 166 4

119 69 24 36 160 174

115 75 106 15 151 165

103 131 91 60 82

28 144 20 116 102 71 74

156 11 25 49 99

147 109 154 104 47 10 76 94

The New Books

(*Continued from page 36*)

mult, and a record of failure. The book is illustrated by the admirable photographs of Robert Byron. A different kind of book on Persia is *The Pageant of Persia*, by Henry Filmer (Bobbs-Merrill, $4). This is in outline a narrative of a automobile journey which covered all of central and northern Persia. It becomes thus a good guide book although the photographs do not compare in beauty with those of the Wassmuss volume, but its usefulness as a guide is increased by Mr. Filmer's careful rewriting of the background of Persian history for each place that he visits. Unlike most travelers who are not scholars, he prepared himself for his journey by a careful course of reading before he arrived. This book is not a contribution to Persian history but a very useful volume for any one who proposes to travel there.

Oscar Rush's "The Open Range" (Caxton Printers: $3) is an unpretentious and therefore all the more valuable account of the cattle business as it is conducted in the northern half of the intermountain range. All the activities, skills, and traditions of the western cattle ranch are treated briefly but comprehensively by a retired rancher who speaks from first-hand knowledge.

A Modern Library Giant of considerable interest and importance is Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes" (Random House: $1.10). A source book of much recent history and protest, it has been out of print for some time, and is now issued in a revised edition, enlarged and brought up to date.

Followers of Gertrude Stein and possibly some others may be interested in her "Geographical History of America, or the Relation of Human Nature to the Human Mind" (Random House: $2.50). The book runs to 207 pages and has a lot of words in it. Some of it appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, a fact of interest to literary historians. It has an introduction by Thornton Wilder, so very soft, so very Susie. * * * Two travel books very different in kind are Robert Medill McBride's *Hilltop Cities of Italy* (McBride, $2.50), a pleasant contribution to this perennial subject, and Dorothea Orr's *Portrait of a People: Croatia Today* (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.50), an agreeable account of experiences with Croatians from Zagreb to remote villages rather than such a study of the country as the title intimates. * * * The fourth volume of *The Aldine Bible* (Dutton, $2) consists of St. John, the Catholic Epistles, and Revelation. * * * *A Gilbert & Sullivan Dictionary*, compiled by George E. Dunn (Oxford, $1.75) is a useful handbook for Savoyards, giving information about characters and famous actors in the operas, and explaining many of Gilbert's obscure or topical references. * * * *The House That Music Built* by Ethel Peyser (McBride, $3) is a history of Carnegie Hall, New York, well illustrated and containing records of conductors and first performances. * * * *Wings, Fur and Shot*, by Robert B. Vale (Telegraph Press) is a collection of informative articles on our better known game birds and animals, together with a practical study of conservation. It is an attractively made book.

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BLADES

Opinions

Rather than vague claims about the virtues of the DUROL razor blade, we feel that readers of this magazine would rather see unsolicited opinions of users. Here are several:

"The best I have ever used. The reason you haven't a repeat order is that they are so good I am still on the first 40. This may slow down your business at first, but it will certainly help in the long run. I am enclosing check for $2 for 80 more for friends."

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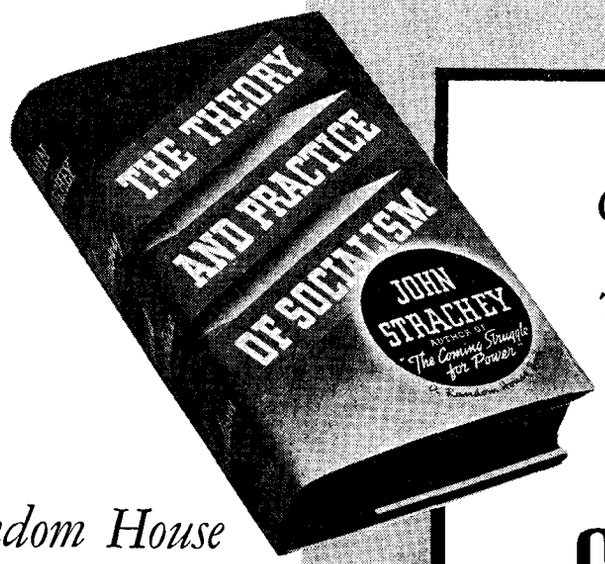

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